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HANDBOUND
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MORE VERSE AND PROSE

BY THE

CORNLAW RHYMER.

[Ebenezer Elliott]

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

395078
18.7.41

LONDON:

CHARLES FOX, 67, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1850.

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4699
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1850
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LONDON:
PALMER and CLAYTON, Printers,
Crane-court, Fleet-street.

PREFACE.

THE Elgin marbles are representations of the processions, and battles, (the everyday occurrences, and commonplace,) of old Greece; and the Elgin marbles are poetry in the highest.

In England, Railway meetings and speeches are everyday occurrences; and the evil doings in railways constitute a drama of horrors, compared with some of the actors in which, Rush (the wretch who paid himself in blood for unexhausted improvements,) was a stainless angel! Has not that drama its poetry? Perhaps, a hundred millions have been wasted in unwanted railways! I did my best to prevent that waste; and though I cannot know that any of my writings or sayings will live, I desire that my children and theirs shall know (through them) that I did my duty, while others were supine.*

To be summoned on a jury is an everyday

* See "Doggrel for Dupes," and a "Speech delivered at the Cutlers' Hall, Sheffield," in Vol. II.

occurrence in England; but if I had never been summoned on a jury, I should not have known that there is a class of men in England, whose capital (worth, at least, two thousand millions,) may be said to be in a state of outlawry, left, without any legal protection, to the mercy of another class, who may appropriate, and, with perfect impunity, proceed to devour it at any moment; for the customary law, called "Custom of the Country," established by tenants as their sole reliance, is not binding on landlords. Say not that this state of things has not its poetry!*

"Bets, Bubbles, and Banking" are every-day matters in England; but such things have furnished the means for carrying on, in my time, wars which have cost the lives of ten millions of men; in the infinite horror of which, Trafalgar and Waterloo were but trifling though splendid incidents! Now, to consecrate in the poetry of sculpture this tremendous commonplace, a Phidias only is wanted. In due time, that Phidias will be

* See "The Bard Among His Betters," in Vol. II.

found; and then, our days of degradation will have *their* Parthenon.*

In the meantime, I claim to have been a pioneer of the greatest, the most beneficial, the only crimeless Revolution, which man has yet seen. I also claim to be the Poet of that Revolution—the Bard of Freetrade; and through the prosperity, wisdom, and loving-kindness which Freetrade will ultimately bring, the Bard of Universal Peace. I know not that my claims will be conceded; the world will lose nothing, if it be not conceded, nor will I complain, but neither will I bate a jot of my right; for selfsacrifice in concession to wrong has ever been the root of worst humiliation—and tyrants come of slaves.

It is remarkable that Freetrade has been carried by the middle-classes, not only without the assistance of the working-classes, but in spite of their opposition. When I became a Freetrade agitator in 1824, I could not find one respectable shopkeeper who thought the cornlaws an evil. The merchants, to a man, thought them beneficial. Exactly in propor-

* See "Letters on Bets, Bubbles, Banking, and Bloodshed," in Vol. II.

tion to the plunder-power exercised on his fortunes by the aristocracy, did the would-be Squire idolize his destroyers; and I had discussed the question ten years in all ways—by speech and writing, in prose and verse—before I made my first Sheffield convert of the mercantile class, William Ibbotson, Esq. of Globe Works. Did I not think I had done a feat? Yea, I felt it through my heart's core. But then came Feargus, and his blarney; trades-unionism, fierce in its imitative glory; and chartism, with its stone-blind selfishness; all fighting for the enemy! Wisehead, at last, was born of Empty-Pocket, in a respectable neighbourhood; and from that moment Monopoly began to tremble.*

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Hargate Hill, near Barnesley,
October 17, 1849.

* See A Critique on "Cornlaw Rhymes, &c." written by the late Robert Southey for the Quarterly Review, but rejected by the editor, after a proof had been printed and corrected, in Vol. II.

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LYRICS FOR MY DAUGHTERS.

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LYRICS FOR MY DAUGHTERS.

SONG.—*Ye Banks and Braes O'Bonny Doon.*

1.

Oh, Love, thou art a heav'n on earth,
And earth is heav'n enough for thee!
But souls must have their second birth,
And far, far hence thy home must be:
We go to join the lost and true,
Our task perform'd, our foes forgiv'n:
In wind and rain, on earth we grew,
And need not fear the calm of heav'n.

2.

Beneath dim star, and clouded moon,
Torn hearts may blissful secrets tell:
Bright shines the ice on rocks at noon,
And hoary locks become thee well:
What, though 'tis sad our way to wing
From cares that give a charm to pain?
Our withering autumn shall be spring,
And these dry branches bud again.

SONG.—*Auld Lang Syne.*

1.

"The Home of Taste," say souls of dust,
"Is not for men who toil:
For bread alone they till, and must,
Life's hopeless soil."

2.

But here comes he whom no one knows,
The thrall of tasteless power;
Why plucks he, as he homeward goes,
The hawthorn flower?

3.

Red Rose, that lov'st the cottage door,
If hope within there be!
Why stops a wretch, so tir'd and poor,
To look on thee?

4.

Oh, yet the greatest and the least
A Home of Taste will find!
And Knowledge spread her beauteous feast
For all mankind!

5.

The only high and heart-bas'd throne
Is unclass'd virtue's prize;
For who are great? The good alone,
They only wise.

6.

And what, sweet rose, sweet hawthorn flower,
To hind, or artisan,
Are Taste's pure charm, and Beauty's power,
But God in Man?

CHANT.

The angels are our brothers;
Let us like them become,
And emulate in beauty
The first-born of our home:
Lord! we are thine, and they are thine:
In rescu'd Eden, let us twine
With mortal virtues love divine,
And be earth's angels!

SONG.—*The Light of other Days.*

1.

When days of frost and snow were over,
I told the sleepless moon,
I told the stars, that my true lover
Would see his Mary soon:

Now, children seek the daisied closes,
Birds sing the green world o'er,
And woodbines wed the wild hedge roses,
But William comes no more!

2.

Ere wintry days again are over,
Ere daisies come again,
I shall not need a faithless lover,
Nor wish for rest in vain:
Oh, Woodbine flower, our last was spoken
Where now thou flauntest free!
Oh, wild Hedge Rose, my heart is broken!
Thou bloom'st in vain for me.

SONG.—*Long Ago.*

1.

Sing her a song of the white-headed one,
Gone, gone before! Gone, gone before!
Sing to her tears of the sire who is gone!
When to come more? Never more!
Heart-breaking sea, when she weepeth alone,
Tell his sad child that the white-headed one
Went to the grave blessing her who was gone
Wide, wide waves o'er! Wide waves o'er!

2.

Now sighs the widow unto the lone sea,
"Bring her again! Bring her again!
Sea, let the sad find a helper in thee;
Bring her again! Soon again!"
Wild was the parting, but may there not be
Tears which are blissful? when sings the old sea,
"Mother and Child! thank the Good God for me;
Meet, meet again! Meet again!"

SONG.—*Rule Britannia.*

1.

From age to age, the bad grew worse,
And still retorted curse for curse,
Though seas, and skies, and light, and air,
Sang, thus, in concert, every where:
Sow not weeds, and say, "Here flowers will bloom!"
Home to roost all curses come.

2.

On willful woes the sun arose,
The sun went down on willful woes,
Though earth and heav'n seem'd waxing young,
And thus, the "God of Gladness" sung:
Good-for-Good is Peace—is Peace and Love:
Willing learners best improve.

3.

At length, Great God, thy seas and skies
Teach willful mourners to be wise!
Men find, that he who fights may fall!
And this shall be the song of all:
Good-for-Good is Love—and Love is Peace:
Good, partaken, must encrease.*

SONG.—*God Save the Queen.*

1.

For Spring, and flowers of Spring,
Blossoms, and what they bring,
Be our thanks given;
Thanks for the maiden's bloom;
For the sad prison's gloom;
And for the sadder tomb;
E'en as for Heav'n!

* These lines, I fear, are head-work, and yet my heart is in them! for I wrote them in the desponding hope, that it might be granted to me to popularize, at least, in one tune, the heavenly principle which seems to epitomize christianity itself, That the free exchange of blessed equivalents, is the secret of all useful progress. At present, our national tune, Rule Britannia, is consecrated to a false and unscriptural sentiment; it being desirable that Britain should use (and not rule, or monopolize,) the waves.

2.

Great God, thy will is done,
When the soul's rivers run
Down the worn cheeks;
Done when the righteous bleed;
When the wrong'd vainly plead;
Done in th' unended deed,
When the heart breaks.

3.

Lo, how the dutiful
Snows, clothe in beautiful
Life, the dead earth!
Lo, how the clouds distil
Riches o'er vale and hill,
While the storm's evil-will
Dies in its birth!

4.

Bless'd is th' unpeopled down;
Bless'd is the crowded town,
Where the tir'd groan;
Pain but appears to be;
What are Man's fears to thee,
God! if all tears shall be
Gems on thy throne?

SONG.—*Robin Adair.*

1.

When the pale worker faints,
Making no moan,
Though his unutter'd plaints
Rise to God's throne,
What from despair can keep
Languor too tir'd to sleep,
Sorrow too sad to weep?
Music alone!*

2.

Milton, poor, old, and blind,
Fated to bear
Worst woes that scourge his kind,
Did not despair:
What, behind curtains worn,
Where his night knew no morn,
Held up his heart forlorn?
Music was there.

* It costs nothing, and the starving man has nothing. Bring music to the *poor man's hearth*, and he will not seek it in the ale house.

3.

Then, to the hopeless one,
Thus, if you can,
Sing, weary wife or son,
Wasted and wan :
" Though pain our portion be,
High is our destiny :
Born thrall of poverty,
Still thou art Man !"

4.

" Homer and Plato were
Kindred of thine ;
With thee the angels share
Utt'rance divine ;
Heav'n hath thine image got ;
Jesus partook thy lot ;
And where night cometh not
Thy sun will shine."

PLAINT.

1.

Dark, deep, and cold, the current flows
Unto the sea where no wind blows,
Seeking the land which no one knows.

2.

O'er its sad gloom still comes and goes
The mingled wail of friends and foes,
Borne to the land which no one knows.

3.

Why shrieks for help yon wretch, who goes
With millions, from a world of woes,
Unto the land which no one knows?

4.

Though myriads go with him who goes,
Alone he goes where no wind blows,
Unto the land which no one knows.

5.

For all must go where no wind blows,
And none can go for him who goes;
None, none return whence no one knows.

6.

Yet why should he who shrieking goes
With millions, from a world of woes,
Reunion seek with it or those?

7.

Alone with God, where no wind blows,
And Death, His shadow—doom'd, he goes:
That God is there, the shadow shows.

8.

Oh, shoreless Deep, where no wind blows!
And, thou, oh, Land which no one knows!
That God is All, His shadow shows.

SONG.

1.

Hungarians! would ye despots quell
For evermore? Be men to day!
Up! he who fights for Hungary
To every tyrant's earthly hell
Shows Liberty the way!
And "Victory for Hungary"
To all mankind is Liberty!

2.

Czar! think'st thou God will be thy slave?
He loathes and leaves the self-betray'd!
Think'st thou thy Home is Hungary?
Yes, Tyrant, if thou seek a grave,
'Tis here—already made!
And "Victory for Hungary"
To all mankind is Liberty!

3.

Then, Friends of Man, with heart and hand,
To save mankind, be men to day!
For "Liberty and Hungary,"
To free the chain'd of every land,
Show Liberty the way!
And "Victory for Hungary,"
Will give to all lands Liberty!

SMALL POEMS.

SMALL POEMS.

EPIGRAM.

Old as lying, thrives a College
Famous for its truth-forsakers,
Givers who are always takers,
Takers ever wide awake,
Sworn to give less than they take;
And never giving knowledge.*

EPITAPH,

FOR A MONUMENT TO MAJOR CARTWRIGHT.

Here lies the man, for virtues only known,
Who look'd on truth's fair face, and saw his own:
Therefore, this humble verse attention craves;
For good men's lives are holier than their graves.

* All monopolists have the honour to be members of this ancient society; and originally, their great ancestor, the first conjuror, (who came in before the conqueror,) had the honour to be the Institution itself.

EPITAPH.

Greater than Colon, name renown'd
In fam'd Discovery's rolls,
Here lies Charles Dickens, who first found
That poor folks may have souls.*

EPIGRAM.

"Prepare to meet the King of Terrors," cried
To prayerless Want, his plunderer ferret-eyed:
"I am the King of Terrors," Want replied.†

COLONEL THOMPSON IN PALACE YARD.

Who is that small Napoleon-featur'd pleader?
The sage, whose metaphors are demonstrations;
The bard, whose music yet shall teach all nations

* But Dickens will not thank us for doing him more than justice. Let it not be forgotten that he had in Bulwer a precursor worthy of him; nor let the class whom that precursor has so highly honoured in being one of them, fail to add four words to the question asked by one of his humble characters: "If little Paul should be scragged?" Who is to blame!

† Colonel Thompson.

That ignorance is want, war, waste, and treason ;
Thompson, the Hadyn and Molière of reason.
Clear-voic'd as evening's throstle, o'er the booming
Of conscious forests heard when storms are coming,
He stills these thousands, like a people's leader.

PELHAM.

We spoke of Bulwer. "He was great
In style and thought." Could he create ?
"He could both execute and plan."
His book was making then a stir,
And a still youth beside us sate.
"What do you think of Bulwer, Sir ?"
And, placid-eyed, the youth replied,
"He is a Gentleman."

INSCRIPTION.

Here lies the man who stripp'd Sin bare,
And kept her lean, on hard-earn'd fare ;
Who forc'd the poor at home to stay,
But rode to church on Sabbath day ;
And went to heav'n, the sinless say,
Because he bother'd God with prayer,
And would not let him have his way.

INSCRIPTION.

Oh, solemnly,
And not with lips in mockery curl'd,
Contemplate me!
For I have been of godhead full,
And still I am a human skull;
A ruin that was once a world!

ANN.

1.

The broken heart, that loves in vain,
Resigns the lov'd one never,
But, in despair, still hopes to gain,
The lost for ever:
Then, greet the shy morn's treacherous glow,
Thou pale autumnal blossom,
Ere chill November's sleet and snow
Beat on thy bosom!

2.

So, Ann still lov'd: it was her doom
To love, in shame and sorrow:
Charles came no more! but "He will come,"
She said, "to-morrow."

Oh, yet for her, deep bliss remain'd!
She dream'd he came, and kiss'd her!
And, in that hour, the angels gain'd
Another sister.

EPIGRAM.

Said Death to Pol Sly, "Put no rum in thy tea,
Or die as thy mother died, ag'd twenty-three."
Pol gave him an answer that struck the churl dumb,
"My mother, you know, put no tea in her rum."

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL IN DARFIELD CHURCHYARD.

Man draws his fleeting breath
In doubt and fear,
Though life for ever blooms,
And smiling ev'n on tombs,
Bids beauty say to death,
"What dost thou here?

EPIGRAM.

The scoundrel's virtues Candid takes on trust,
But sifts for good men's faults their very dust.

STEAM IN THE DESERT.

1.

"God made all nations of one blood,"
And bade the nation-wedding flood
Bear good-for-good to men:
Lo, interchange is happiness!
The mindless are the riverless!
The shipless have no pen!

2.

What deed sublime by them is wrought?
What type have they of speech or thought,
What soul-ennobled page?
No record tells their tale of pain!
Th' Unwritten History of Cain
Is theirs, from age to age.

3.

Steam!—if the nations grow not old
That see broad ocean's "back of gold,"
Or hear him in the wind—
Why dost not thou thy banner shake
O'er sealess, streamless lands, and make
One nation of mankind?

4.

If rivers are but seeking rest,
Ev'n when they climb from ocean's breast
To plant on earth the rose;

If good for good is doubly bless'd;
Oh, let the sever'd east and west
In action find repose!

5.

Yes, let the wilderness rejoice,
The voiceless campaign hear the voice
Of millions long estranged;
That waste, and want, and war may cease!
And all men know, That Love and Peace
Are—Good for Good Exchang'd!

EPIGRAM.

"Return to the poor
What they earn'd in past ages?"
Not I, be thou sure,
If they then got their wages:
For work smooth or rough
Once paying 's enough.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
By honest, useful efforts won:
Requite us still with good for good!
So let thy will on earth be done.

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

Lord, thou hast giv'n, oh, ever give
The food by which thy children live!
Blessings to them who blessings earn,
Not ill for ill, wilt thou return.

EPITAPH ON A SKILFUL WORKMAN.

No column's capital lies shatter'd here;
Reader! a column's base demands thy tear.

HE IS NOT HERE.

1.

I found him in his sleep unending,
And could not shed a tear;
I kiss'd his lips, long o'er him bending,
And sobb'd, "He is not here."

2.

Men bore him to the home of sleepers;
I walk'd behind the bier;
Around him many were the weepers;
I sobb'd, "He is not here."

3.

I sought the place where he was sleeping,
When none but we were near;
I knelt upon his grave-stone weeping,
And sigh'd, "He is not here."

EPIGRAM.

Safely art-hating John does as he teaches:
He laughs at blossoms, and he eats my peaches!

BEWARE OF DOGMAS.

Two pilgrims, broiling in the sun,
Did once to Glasgow come.
Each had but twopence. James bought rum,
With all his cash; and Charles a bun—
Of his two pennies saving one.
Charles died of fever in a week!
James lives and thrives, is stout and sleek,
And keeps, abjuring rum and gin,
A Temperance inn.*

* While Temperance is practised by all freetraders, Teetotal is preached by almost every advocate of the

WHO HATH A DEVIL?

Wrongs, in themselves, are feeble weeds,
  And yet how fast they grow!
For slaves make tyrants, and the seeds
  Of all that tyrants sow.
Weeds, tyrants know, wherever sown,
  Will clothe in weeds the sod:
Therefore they say, "Man, mind thy own,
  And leave the rest to God."
But God hath will'd that wretched man
  Shall work while it is day,
And help his brethren, if he can,
  Along their painful way;

monopolists. To the latter, anything but the right thing is the one thing needful. Their legislation prohibits hope; and as a rule, scarcely admitting an exception, it may be said that drunkenness is despair. I never met with a teetotalist who could fathom the profundity of their stock argument, "That strong liquors would not be drunk, if nobody drank them;" nor with one who could give a good reason why alcohol should not be sold without license, as other poisons are. Few persons take aquafortis in excess; I am a waterdrinker because I find that alcohol is injurious to me; but I am not an interdicter of alcohol to those whom it blesses; and they are many! Even to me, after much toil, a chrystal of it, melted in a calm cup of rest, is a great blessing.

Nor fail to plant, as on he goes
From humble door to door,
Soul-featur'd Beauty's pink or rose,
To bless and raise the poor.

LET ME REST.

He does well who does his best:
Is he weary? let him rest:
Brothers! I have done my best,
I am weary—let me rest.
After toiling oft' in vain,
Baffled, yet to struggle fain;
After toiling long, to gain
Little good with mickle pain;
Let me rest—But lay me low,
Where the hedgeside roses blow;
Where the little daisies grow,
When the winds a-maying go;
Where the footpath rustics plod;
Where the breeze-bow'd poplars nod;
Where the old woods worship God;
Where His pencil paints the sod;
Where the wedded throstle sings;
Where the young bird tries his wings;
Where the wailing plover swings
Near the runlet's rushy springs!

Where, at times, the tempest's roar,
Shaking distant sea and shore,
Still will rave old Barnesdale o'er;
To be heard by me no more!
There, beneath the breezy west,
Tir'd and thankful, let me rest,
Like a child, that sleepeth best
On its gentle mother's breast.

BRITISH RURAL COTTAGES IN 1842.

The scentless rose, train'd by the poor,
May sometimes grace the peasant's door;
But when will comfort enter there?
Beauty without, hides death within,
Like flowers upon the shroud of sin:
For ev'n the poor man's marriage-joys,
His wife, his sad-lipp'd girls and boys,
In mercy or in mockery given,
But brighten, with their "hour of heav'n,"
A life of ghastly toil and care:
His pay is pain, his hope despair,
Although the cottage-rose is fair!
Out of his weekly pittance small,
Three crowns, for children, wife, and all,

Poor British Slave! how can he save
A pittance for his evening's close?
No roses deck the workhouse-grave!
Where is the aged pauper's rose!

FERN.

Mortal, would'st thou rise? Aspire—
Mortal, would'st thou know? Enquire—
Pluck the fern, and cut the stalk:
See, within, the British oak!
With its world of twisted boughs!
With its dark and god-like brows!
On its atlas-might of stem
Bearing empire's diadem!
Dost thou hear the thunder? Hark!
Dost thou see the war-ship? Mark!
Albyn's oak commands the deep;
And, in peace, she yet shall sweep
Sloth and gloom from realms afar;
First in freedom, science, war.

EPIGRAM.

I know, thy vileness is thy might,
And that thou 'rt in thy weakness strong;
I do not ask thee to do right;
But, paltry creature, do no wrong.

YOUNG ENGLAND.

I met a sage who had been dead
A hundred years and more;
And still he said what he had said
A hundred years before:
Then, met I one (a rogue's sly son,)
Who printed what the other said,
And prais'd it, ev'n with tears:
Alas, he also had been dead
A hundred years.

EPIGRAM.

In speech and print, in prose and song,
Still aiding Starveall's right to wrong,
How oft the people's knaves have shown,
"That mine is his, and his his own!"*

POOR CHARLES.

1.

Shunn'd by the rich, the vain, the dull,
Truth's all-forgiving son,
The gentlest of the beautiful,
His painful course hath run;

* See lines by C. R. Pemberton. Poor Charles!

Content to live, to die resign'd,
In meekness proud of wishes kind,
And duties nobly done.

2.

A godlike child hath left the earth ;
In heav'n a child is born :
Cold World ! thou could'st not know his worth,
And well he earn'd thy scorn ;
For he believed that all may be
What martyrs are, in spite of thee,
Nor wear thy crown of thorn.

3.

Smiling, he bound it round his brain,
And dar'd what martyrs dare ;
For God, who wastes nor joy nor pain,
Had arm'd his soul to bear ;
But vain his hope to find below
That peace which heav'n alone can know ;
He died—to seek it there.

EPITAPH.

Oh, Death, thou here two brothers bonest ;
One shunn'd, or blamed, and one prais'd solely ;
For one was poor, but honest wholly,
The other rich, and not quite honest.

DICK.

1.

Dick left the Cock, at twelve o'clock;
'Twas dark, but Dick was brave;
He met a ghost, that said to him,
"I'm Death, thou drunken knave!
And if thou dost not mend, by G-d,
I can't sleep in my grave."

2.

"What dost thou out of it" said Dick,
"At half-past one o'clock?"
And with his trusty oaken stick,
He gave him a great knock:
"Thou'st kill'd thy wife, Dick," whined the ghost,
Unghosted by the shock.

EPIGRAM.

Said Tom to his Mary, "How frighten'd I was,
Last night, by a ghost, in the shape of an ass!"
Said Mary to Tom, while his ears droop'd in awe,
"Your shadow, you ass, was the ghost that you saw."

ON A ROSE IN DECEMBER.

Stay yet, pale flower, though coming storms will
tear thee,
My soul grows darker, and I cannot spare thee.

WAR.

The victories of mind,
Are won for all mankind;
But war wastes what it wins,
Ends worse than it begins,
And is a game of woes,
Which nations always lose:
Though tyrant tyrant kill,
The slayer liveth still.

ENGLISH RURAL FELICITY, AND AGRICULTURAL MIND, IN 1844.

1.

Work now won't keep a man,
Though it once did;
Much less buy plate or can,
Pot, or pot lid;
Then, why do strangers reap
Here, where we die?
Bread's dear, and labour cheap;
Murder knows why.

2.

Mother laid up in bed;
Father in jail;
Mother's cheek very red,
Little Bob's pale;
Mary, with ghastly face,
Brought home to die:
William has lost his place—
Does not know why!

3.

What brings these evil days?
Farmer! know you?
"Steam Power!" my lady says;
"Therefore it's true."
What would put evil down?
Tell, and we'll try.
"Plough over Sheffield town!
Sow it with rye!"

OUR DAPPLE.

Said Quixote lord of Kirton,
To Sancho Punch the sly ass,
Till Trade has not a shirt on,
Our Dapple shall be thy ass.

Then, answer'd him the sly ass,
" By God, our crab's an apple!
So long as Dapple's my ass,
I'll put my trust in Dapple."

Squires, if your ass were Balaam's,*
You'd swap your crabs for apples,
And plant a hope like Salem's;
Or give your ears for Dapple's.

SONNET,

ON A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

How many men, who liv'd to bless mankind,
Have died unthank'd! Far-teaching and self-taught,
They did what learning scorns to learn or teach;
Their deeds are portion of the general thought;
Their thoughts have pass'd into the common speech,
And labour's wages; yet they left behind
Nor name, nor record! save the good which grew
Out of the sacrifice that gives and saves.
Lo, what a tree is rising from their graves,
To shelter, ev'n on earth, the wise and true!

* And the ass said unto Balaam, "What have I done to thee, that thou hast smitten me these three times? Am I not thine ass?" Numbers, c. 22, v. 28.

Then, worship not fam'd words, which, like the winds,
Or Homer's song, seem things that cannot die,
And ever liv'd : they are but names of minds
Whose good or evil speaks immortally.

EPIGRAM.

Good Mister Swapnot ! my advice
Our neighbour Swap, good fun deems :
To Fayal let the pole send ice,
And bring back sugar'd sunbeams.

TO FANNY ANN.

As the flower bloweth,
As the stream floweth,
Daughter of beauty,
Do thou thy duty.
What, though the morrow
May dawn in sorrow ?
Ev'n as light hasteth,
Darkness, too, wasteth :
Morn then discloses,
Raindrops on roses !

Daughter of beauty,
What, then, is duty?
Time says, "Death knoweth!"
Death says, "Time showeth!"

EPIGRAM.

With rogues like Tom (dish'd up, and jail'd,)
I like, at once, to grapple:
He went to France, before he fail'd!
But never came to chapel.

LAW.

Lawgiver, if thy aim is good,
Make thy laws known, and understood.*

* I know a young lady who, when four years of age, could not learn her letters. Often chided, and, at last, severely, she burst into tears. Her mother wept, too, and without suspecting the cause of the evil, wrote an alphabet in large letters, which the child mastered in a week. But when she returned to school, she still could not learn. It was then discovered that she was born short-sighted; and it is affecting now to hear her say, that whenever she had been chided, she believed she was in fault. How many victims of our conservators of

DARBY GILL.

Where, travel-tir'd, from Winco's feet,
Don creeps slow Rother's moan to meet,
An exile wak'd, again to prove
The might of famine, sorrow, love.
"Bless'd Mary!" thus, he feebly pray'd,
"I faint—Bless'd Mary, lend thine aid.
No work is here, but for the strong!
I hunger, Mary! oh, how long?
For leave to toil, I begg'd in vain;
Gaunt rivals met, mocking pain:
"Return," they said, "o'er ocean's foam,
To popish Ireland, murder's home."
On raindrops chill the moon shines chill;
Dost thou behold her, Katy Gill?
Wak'st thou, to weep with weeping flowers,
While here I perish, far from ours?
No more to see my blessed four!
In this world never, never more!
Mother of God! send them to me;
For I, oh, Mary, come to thee!

ignorance have gone to the scaffold with a similar perplexing conviction on their minds, and hearing, even in death, the death-chaplain (ignorantly, but not therefore innocently,) advocate the murderous cause!

A long, sad tale is truly told;
I cannot live, yet am not dead;
My tears are hot, my blood runs cold:
Thou, deep, bright river, be my bed!
Oh, comfort me! for some are fain
To beg cold water—oft' in vain!"
Smiling, he rose; and like a bride
That meets her bridegroom, sought the tide.
Then, flashing far, the waters rose,
And mutter'd curses on his foes;
While on the stream, and from the sky,
The sickled moon gleam'd angrily.*

MONODY ON JOHN KEATS.

1.

He liv'd and lov'd! He was a power
That left its thought more felt than spoken:
"A fading flower! a falling shower!
A breaking wave!" which now is broken.†

* On Thursday an inquest was held at Brightside Bierlow poorhouse, on the body of Darby Gill, an irishman aged 30, who left Straw-Mill near Dublin about six weeks ago in search of work, but finding none and having no money, threw himself into the river at Attercliffe. Sheffield Iris, June 25, 1839.

† See Shelley's Adonais.

2.

Can greatness die, and be unborn ?
It cannot, thou in scorn repliest :
He perish'd in his "scorn of scorn,"
And lowest deem'd, of all was highest.

3.

A vapour quench'd his visions grand :
Ah, hope destroy'd is worth's undoing !
He left the deathless deed he plann'd
A deed undone—And what a ruin !*

TO A LADY,

WHO COMPLAINED THAT SHE COULD NOT DECYPHER MY SIGNATURE, AND THAT I HAD ADDRESSED HER AS A "CEMENT MANUFACTURER," WHEREAS SHE WAS MOVING IN THE FIRST CIRCLES OF SOCIETY.

I'm sorry that my ill-scrawl'd name
Defeated my intent ;
And that I styl'd so grand a dame,
"A maker of cement."
Forgive me, Madam ! I confess,
A grievous fault was mine :
I own'd your claim to usefulness,
But knew not you were fine.

* Hyperion, A Fragment.

TO WED, OR NOT TO WED.

THOMAS,

I'm tir'd of single life;
I'll live alone no more;
I'll wed a lov'd and loving wife;
My sire did so before:
How brightly, then, my fire will blaze!
How sweetly Ann will sing!
We shall be merry all our days,
As skylarks on the wing.

WILLIAM,

Bless'd is the mated bird;
And where she, brooding, cowers,
Melodies of the heart are heard,
Amid the hawthorn-flowers.
Though richest wines, their sweetness fled,
Grow dull, and acrid, too;
I say not. "Thomas, do not wed!"
For God says, "Thomas, do!"

NOT FOR NOUGHT.

1.

Do and suffer nought in vain:
Let no trifle trifling be:

If the salt of life is pain,
Let ev'n wrongs bring good to thee;
Good to others, few or many;
Good to all, or good to any.

2.

If men curse thee, plant their lies
Where, for truth, they best may grow;
Let the railers make thee wise,
Preaching peace, where'er thou go:
God no useless plant hath planted,
Evil (wisely us'd,) is wanted.

3.

If the nation-feeding corn
Thriveth under icéd snow;
If the small bird, on the thorn,
Useth well its guarded sloe;
Bid thy cares thy comforts double;
Gather fruit from thorns of trouble.

4.

See the Rivers! how they run
Strong in gloom, and strong in light!
Like the never-wearied sun,
Through the day, and through the night,
Each along his path of duty,
Turning coldness into beauty!

THOMAS HOBBES IN 1651.

The labour that but stirs the earth
Imparts to worthless matter worth.

ADAM SMITH 1766.

Wealth is not only coin or gold,
But beef, cloth, brandy, rye;
And all that can be bought or sold
Is property.

TURGOT IN 1774.

The right to buy is the right to sell,
And the right to get and save:
Free commerce is a consequence
Of the right to earn and have.

CHARLES JAMES FOX IN 1787.

"England and France, the whole world knows,
Must fear and hate each other:
To talk of commerce with born foes
Is innovating bother!"

WILLIAM PITT IN 1796.

"Feed all who many brats beget,
And will not work to feed them;
Because to them the state's in debt!"
And bloody George will need them.

COLONEL T. P. THOMPSON IN 1826.

Protection's loss the plunder'd gain,
In quantity and price:
Protection's gain is public loss,
Lost twice.

STATE EDUCATION IN 1846.

Give stipends to a host of slaves;
They'll help to guard our hoards:
We cannot have too many knaves
Dependent on us lords.

LORD GEORGE IN 1847.

"By God, my stableistics,
In spite of Russell's mystics,
Prove that Free Trade, by billions,
In Ireland's starving millions,
And will starve millions there yet;
As my man, Ben, shall swear yet."

SPEECH FROM THE THRONE IN 1860?

My Luds and Gents, who live at ease!
Since meek Bengal is far away,
Starve green-soul'd hindoos, if you please,
By millions every year:
But don't starve yankee Canada!
And Ireland is too near.

EPIGRAM.

"Man! put no trust in mysteries
Which none can understand:
Such dreams have sown iniquities
O'er every land:
Dream not, but work! that Love and Peace
May o'er all states preside."
These words "thy wisest" spoke, oh, Greece,
And therefore died.

SONG.

1.

They say I'm old; because I'm grey,
The aged bard, they now call me!
But grey or green, I boldly say,
We're not old yet, but mean to be.

2.

Though sixty years and ten may doom
Tir'd men to rest with worms and me;
With sixty gone, and ten to come,
We're not old yet, but mean to be.

3.

My eyes flash flame, my heart is glad,
When poor men shake their sides with glee;
And though they cry, "Come on, Old Lad!"
We're not old yet, but mean to be.

4.

While soars the skylark high and higher,
And bids the mountains wake, to see,
How morn can fill my veins with fire,
We're not old yet, but mean to be.

5.

Thou brightening cloud, that sail'st afar
Where screams the falcon, wheeling free!
Tell, yonder fading, winking star,
We're not old yet, but mean to be.

OH, TELL US!

1.

Companion'd each by all and none,
A mob of souls, yet each alone,
We journey to the dread Unknown.

2.

In nothing found, in all things shown,
In all life living, yet alone,
Where may it be, that dread Unknown ?

3.

Oh, who, or what, so dreadly shown,
And world-attended, yet alone,
Is that all-sought, all-known Unknown ?

EPIGRAM.

"John's three for two 's a wise exchange,"
Said Rent to Tithe, at Holy Grange ;
Much wond'ring why John wonder'd
How less for more could help the poor,
And being robb'd, the plunder'd.

RELIGION.

What is Religion ? "Speak the truth in love."
Reject no good. Mend, if thou canst, thy lot.
Doubting, enquire,—nor dictate till thou prove.
Enjoy thy own—exceed not, trespass not.
Pity the scorners of life's meanest thing.
If wrong'd, forgive—that hate may lose his sting.

Think, speak, work, get—bestow, or wisely keep.
So live, that thou may'st smile, and no one weep.
Be bless'd—like birds, that sing because they love;
And bless—like rivers, singing to the sun,
Giving and taking blessings, as they run;
Or soft-voic'd showers, that cool the answering grove,
When cloudy wings are wide in heav'n display'd,
And blessings brighten o'er the freshen'd sod,
Till earth is like the countenance of God.
This is Religion! saith the bard of trade.

EPIGRAM.

Merchant, would'st thou roast and brew?
Would'st thou flourish, Glutton?
Pig on Bacon will do do;
Swap for forest mutton.

SONNET.

In these days, every mother's son or daughter,
Writes verse, which no one reads except the writer,
Although, unink'd, the paper would be whiter,
And worth, per ream, a hare, when you have caught her.
Hundreds of unstaunch'd Shelleys daily water

Unanswering dust; a thousand Wordsworth's
scribble;
And twice a thousand Cornlaw Rhymers dribble
Rhym'd prose, unread. Hymners of fraud and
slaughter,
By cant call'd other names, alone find buyers—
Who buy, but read not. "What a loss in paper,"
Groans each immortal of the host of sighers!
"What profanation of the midnight taper
In expirations vile! But I write well,
And wisely print. Why don't my poems sell?"

EPIGRAM.

Wait? Aye, till none can buy or pay;
For landlords, then, will run away:
When bread-tax'd France had nought to sell,
Starvation serv'd the landless well.

THE STOLEN LYRE.

A scribe, who, twenty years ago,
Sold printed lies in Salford town,
To puff dear waves, made dear by law,
Said, "Elliott's lyre grates like a saw;"
(Because its strings were shaking down
The worst rogues that the world e'er saw.)

He died, and, then, another found
That my old lyre "An organ was,
On which I still the cornlaws ground,
To my old creaking tune."* Alas!
The worthy brothers might have shown,
That Elliott's lyre is not his own.
A certain T. P. Thompson bought
Of one A. Smith the "creaking thing,"
And sent it to me, charging nought
For it, and many a brave new string,
That gave its chords a trumpet's tone.
And guilty Fear's conviction brought
To brains of mud, and hearts of stone.

SONNET.

Thompson, let not thy strife for concord cease,
Till free'd minds free chain'd hands; for chain'd minds prove
That they who chain them war on Love and Peace,
If free exchange is Harmony and Love.
On, Villiers, on! fear not to disenthrall
Chain'd souls, who fight for chains; for such chains prove
That free exchange is Harmony and Love,
And good, monopoliz'd, a curse to all.

* Northern Star 1848.

Still, Bowring, persevere! still, Cobden, "speak
The truth in love!" till Hatred, waxing weak,
Die, and glad tears flow from all honest hearts;
While Commerce, on all seas, and in all marts,
Sings, "Rest, base Blighter of the great and small!
Never had Virtue such a funeral."

EPIGRAM.

Free Trade means work for beef, not bone;
It means that men are brothers;
That every man should have his own,
And nobody another's.

COBDEN'S INSCRIPTION,

FOR THE DOOR OF A CERTAIN NOBLE HOUSE.

Here d'off your hats, and beg to pay
For food, sold cheaper o'er the way.

COBDEN'S INSCRIPTION,

FOR THE DOOR OF A CERTAIN HONOURABLE HOUSE.

Here buy dear food, ye thankless poor!
For we taboo the shop next door.*

* "Foreign food" says Colonel Thompson, "is tabooed to the British people."

EPITAPH.

Here lies a practiser of evil,
Once able to instruct the devil:
Tread softly, then, ye foes of evil!
For who would wake Protection's devil?

HANDS AND MINDS.

The mining grub, that waits for wings,
Pays for its lodging in the sod;
And the arm'd fly, that robs and stings,
Hath work to do for man and God:
Earth knows no wholly useless things,
Save empty splendor and pretence:
Then, honour ye her throneless Kings,
Ye Powers, whom no slaves reverence!
Honour the dynasty of hands;
Revere the dynasty of minds!
For (save the wild growth of all lands,)
All the vast World of Work and Skill,
All that enquiring wisdom finds,
Exists in human thought and will.

SONNET.

JOHN. In the sound of that rebellious word
There is brave music. Jack, and Jacobin,

Are vulgar terms; law-link'd to shame and sin,
They have a twang of Jack the Hangman's cord:
Yet John hath merit which can well afford
To be call'd Jack's. By life's strange offs and ons!
Glory hath had great dealings with the Johns,
Since history first awak'd where fable snored.
John Cade, John Huss, John Hampden, and John Knox!
Aye, these were names of fellows who had will.
John Wilson's name, far sounded, sounds not ill;
But how unlike John Milton's, or John Locke's!
John Bright, like Locke and Milton, scorns paid sloth;
And Johnson might have lik'd to gibbet both.

SKILL AND LABOUR,

Burns toil'd, but Crompton, (better still,)
Toil'd, and created might:
Dead things, made vital by his skill,
Are blessing day and night;
Turning the foodfull furrow o'er,
Where never plough had gone before;
Where, but for him, and such as he,
The golden ear might never be.
Then, paying toil his wages, pay
To skill, yet higher wages;
Because the tool first us'd to day

May pay the toil of ages;
Creating wine, and oil, and corn,
For human millions yet unborn.

EPITAPH.

We lov'd, and fondly mingled hopes and fears;
Wedded, we smil'd, and said, "Our griefs are o'er!"
But truly married when we mingled tears,
And not before.

SONNET.

Some famous authors trade in mental sleep,
Lulling grown babies with a printed beebee:
Profound the learn'd them call, the vulgar deep:
Though o'er their pages none can laugh or weep,
And dull as coffin'd dust may he or she be,
Their dear no-meaning sells, and that's enough:
If I don't understand Sir Riddle's stuff,
Sir Riddles does—how clever, then, must he be!
At shrines whose mysteries have gods of wood,
The age-long pilgrimage brings crowds to pray;
But in a month, a fortnight, or a day,
Dead drops th' immortal who is understood!
Clear as the chrystal pane that fronts the north,
His worth is seen through, therefore nothing worth.

TAKE *v.* GIVE.

Said Play to Work, "Our tax on food
Is useful, though I say it."
"To you it may be," Work replied,
"Or why force me to pay it?"

COLONEL THOMPSON VERSIFIED.

1.

Th' effects of bad laws
Wolves blame, in sham bleatings
At sham public meetings:
But name they the cause?
No! "Don't name the cause!"

2.

For this is the law,
When wolves ape sheep's bleatings
At sham public meetings;
"Oh, don't touch the raw!
Don't, don't touch the raw!"

EPIGRAM.

Convinc'd that whig mongrels will bite, if you pat them,
Big Dan bared the bones of his gab, and flew at them:

They trembled, they whined, they look'd big, and they bluster'd,
Then, kiss'd his big bum, which they swear is a custard;
And Daniel believes them! or why, my dear Daniel,
Has the famous big bull dog become a big spaniel?

COTTON AND CORN.

Would you sell your curs'd cottons for food from abroad?
Then, your gain would be national loss!
For land should be priz'd, not because it is land,
But because it belongs to Chandos.
If acres are valued because they are land,
Honest gain will be Buckingham's loss;
For corn should be priz'd, not because it is corn,
But because it is grown by Chandos.
"We should help the poor townsmen, not rob them!" quoth Hume;
A doctrine denied by Chandos;
For see what starv'd scarecrows these artisans are;
Not to rob them were folly and loss.
How rosy and stout are our yeomen and serfs!
How they thrive and grow fat upon loss!
"Who hath," saith the Scripture, "to him shall be given!"
Which agrees with the law of Chandos.

VANE.

Gibetting on the pillory of Time
The bloodiest Stuart and his Clarendon,
Immortal names immortal Vane hath won
For the two meanest grubs of basest crime.

SONNET.

From cloud-swept Snowgate, Dearne! now swift, now slow,
Thou comest, playing still a busy tune;
And while rich woodbines braid the locks of June,
And wild hedge roses in her bosom glow,
That tune is sweet. On, sky-fed Wanderer, go!
Waste not at monkish Burton this bright hour;
Pass Darfield's meads, and many a blossom'd bower;
Bid Wath good night! and sleep at Conisbro,
In Don's cold arms. Here, scarcely heard to lisp,
Thy waters bask in evening's purply gold,
And round thy lilies—fresh, blush-ting'd, and crisp—
Linger, as loth to leave this loveliest scene—
Bard of the Rustic Wreath! my tale is told;
I stand again, where thou hast often been.

EPIGRAM.

Grip wo'n't move, and wo'n't let me;
Grip says, "That which is shall be!"
Though he'll neither lead nor drive,
Grip's the greatest man alive;
Great, at least, in evil will,
He can bid the world stand still.

THE CORNLAW CATECHISM.

Would'st thrive by reading books? Then, read the best.
And, first, read Thompson's book, worth all the rest.

EPIGRAM.

Squires, starve Telltruth, (he's a liar;)
Also Lickgrub, (he is willing;)
Sell him sixpence for a shilling!
Don't forget to damn the buyer.

WILLIAM GEN.

1.

The young, the wise, the kind,
Hath vanish'd! like the wind
That ripples up the stream,
And sighs itself to rest
On morning's breast.
What now remains to me,
Of him who was, and seem'd to be?
A dream! a dream alone!
I live—and dream
That he is gone!

2.

If God is thought,
Can I, in God, be nought?

3.

If deceived, we deceive,
And but try to believe
That things are what they seem;
If life is the dream
Of numberless numbers
Who walk in their slumbers;
Still let me dream on!

4.

Though he, the meek, the calm,
Seems to me like a psalm

Heard o'er some midnight shore
Awhile, by spirits listening round,
And then heard never more,
But leaving the heart sore,
And stillness vex'd with sound;
Ev'n o'er the life-left tenement
On which a viewless finger
Writes, "This is dust!" almost in hope,
Will love and sorrow linger.

EPIGRAM.

Squires! what comes of Whig and Tory
Sing we, to our praise and glory:
"Suicide for starv'd endeavour;
Jail for poacher—he's too clever;
Prayer for Payall, till he's crazy;
Wealth for Starveall—he is lazy;
Bandit's pay for Patriot Plural;
Our police for District Rural;
Foreign home for Irish magnate;
Rent secur'd, at point of bayonet."

EPIGRAM.

Things oft grow great that small begin;
For scorn'd today's toil, grief, and sin,
Teach prais'd to morrow how to win.

ON THE CORONATION OF VICTORIA THE FIRST,

WRITTEN FOR THE PRINTERS OF SHEFFIELD.

1.

What! here again, Old Caxton?
Thou'rt welcome, as before:
Calm emblem of long-slumbering strength,
That, like a giant, wak'd, at length,
To sleep no more!

2.

Evil lives long, Old Caxton!
Long, too, live sky and sea;
And Truth's worst foes as well might try
To tame and fetter sea and sky,
As conquer thee.

3.

Yet since we last beheld thee,
Five years of shame have past;
And still the toil-worn millions groan,
And traitors still call ours their own,
And grasp it fast.

4.

This is not well, Old Caxton!
Yet still in truth we trust;
If rocks are worn by sea and sky,
The Press may Freedom's foes defy;
They are but dust.

5.

Thou noblest apparition
That mortal eye hath seen,
Since Power went down to Death's dark shore!
Could fitter symbol stand before
A British Queen?

EPIGRAM.

What wretch hath not cring'd to Sir Something-for-Nothing?
Who ne'er pays a doit for food, service, or clothing?
At the board he's a bore, in the senate a rum thing;
Yet all seem well pleas'd with his Nothing for Something!
He horsewhips his farmers, and breaks down their fences;
Yet Hodge gives his all for the looby's pretences!
And his rawboned old Shrew was so cunningly civil,
That Sugarcask married their eldest she-devil.

EPIGRAM.

Robb'd of sixpence in the shilling,
Through twice fifteen years and more;
Then, worse paid than any idler,
Tom said, trembling, "I'll give o'er:"
Why? You're sick? You lie, ye Beggar!
Work! You work'd before.

FAREWELL TO RIVILIN.

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC AT THE REQUEST OF A. WOOD, ESQ.

1.

Beautiful River! goldenly shining
Where with the cistus woodbines are twining;
(Birklands around thee, mountains above thee,)
Rivilin wildest! do I not love thee?

2.

Why do I love thee, Heart-breaking River?
Love thee, and leave thee? Leave thee for ever?
Never to see thee, where the storms greet thee!
Never to hear thee, rushing to meet me!

3.

Never to hail thee, joyfully chiming
Beauty in music, Sister of Wiming!
Playfully mingling laughter and sadness,
Ribbledin's Sister! sad in thy gladness.

4.

Why must I leave thee, mournfully sighing
Man is a shadow? River undying!
Dream-like he passeth, cloud-like he wasteth,
E'en as a shadow over thee hasteth.

5.

Oh, when thy poet, weary, reposes,
Coffin'd in slander, far from thy roses,
Tell all thy pilgrims, Heart-breaking River!
Tell them I lov'd thee—love thee for ever!

6.

Yes, for the spirit blooms ever vernal;
River of Beauty! love is eternal:
While the rock reeleth, storm-struck and riven,
Safe is the fountain flowing from heav'n.

7.

There wilt thou hail me, joyfully chiming
Beauty in music, Sister of Wiming!
Homed with the angels, hasten to greet me,
Glad as the heathflower, glowing to meet thee.

THE DEAD ARE LIVING.

Ask not the unreplying tomb,
"Where are the dead?"
But ask the hawthorn-bloom,
Returning still
To vale and hill;
The verdure, spread
Wide as the seas;
The flowers, the trees,
The river's song;
The gain that laughs, the loss that weeps;
The strong deed of the strong,
That ever works, and never sleeps.
Or ask the ever-taking, ever-giving,
Deep ocean, and blue sky;
And they will tell thee, that the dead are living,
And cannot die.

A COWARD'S BLOW.

1.

The strong man smote his wife;
No help for her was nigh;
No strength had she, to fight for life:
She died, and he must die!

2.

Sad is it to be weak,
And sadder to be wrong;
But if the strong God's statutes break,
'Tis saddest to be strong.

EPIGRAM.

Paddy, I have but stol'n your living,
And call'd you names beside:
Why are not you content and thankful,
If I am satisfied?
As I have done, so did my father,
And full of peace he died.

IVY.

"Let me forget," the sufferer prays,
"Past failings, faults, and sorrows!
There is no use in Yesterdays
That do not bless Tomorrows;
Who would not faint on life's dread waste,
And sicken at man's doings,
If the slow ivy made not haste
To cover the soul's ruins?"

EPITAPH,

ON AN ACTIVE TRADESMAN.

This headless column on a stone—
What may this mournful shaft betoken?
Pale orphans answer, with their moan,
"The key-stone of an arch is gone!
A mother's heart is broken."

THE MESSAGE.

To clog-wearing Madge on her death-bed said Bet,
"In heav'n, tell my Dick, that I never could get
The things which he left me; they all went to Sue,
Except the crack'd pan, claim'd by Nance as her due."

"Do you think," answer'd Madge, "I shall find nought to do
But clomp over heav'n, seeking Dick, to please you?
If I see him near t'door, I may tell him your mind,
But to clomp in my clogs there, I is not inclin'd."

"You need not clomp far," Bet replied, "for you know
He never went no where as other folks go;
He's a timidy man! and you'll find him, I'm sure,
If not hid behind it, not far from the door."

EPIGRAM.

Companionship in toil or sorrow
Makes every man a brother:
Till we have work'd or wept together
We do not know each other.

WRITTEN AFTER READING GOETHE'S FAUST.

Clothe truth in light, and men shall deem thee mad;
But give to thought a dream's profundities,
And learning's self, for worth they never had,
Shall praise thy pages, and pronounce thee wise:
Old readers still shall find thee new to them,
As o'er thy lines for hidden wealth they pore,
To prop the Ancient House of Fallacies:
At each old nothing wondering more and more;
Shouting, "Eureka," as they turn it o'er;
Shall each discoverer laud his special gem!
For deep and safe the buried meaning lies
That never liv'd, and therefore never dies.

EPITAPH.

Reader! since God expects thee, too,
Be, like our brother, kind and true;
Then, will three words thy worth express,
Honesty, Love, and Usefulness.

WOMAN.

1.

What highest prize hath woman won
In science, or in art?
What mightiest work, by woman done,
Boasts city, field, or mart?

"She hath no Raphael!" Painting saith;
"No Newton!" Learning cries;
"Show us her Steam-ship! her Macbeth!
Her thought-won victories."

2.

Wait, boastful Man! Though worthy are
Thy deeds, when thou art true,
Things worthier still, and holier far,
Our sister yet will do;
For this the worth of woman shows,
On every peopled shore,
That still as man in wisdom grows,
He honours her the more.

3.

Oh, not for wealth, or fame, or power,
Hath man's meek angel striven,
But, silent as the growing flower,
To make of earth a heav'n!
And in her garden of the sun
Heaven's brightest rose shall bloom;
For woman's best is unbegun!
Her advent yet to come!*

* Educated woman, through her self-denying, self-aggrandising refusal to marry, without first securing a certain standard of comfort, is destined to save mankind, and in the language of St. Paul, "Lift us up!"

EPIGRAM.

Seers have foretold strange matters, and, alas,
Strange matters, unforetold, will come to pass!
Sometimes, crack'd Jordans have the honour done
them
In gardens to be us'd as Fuchsia vases,
Though the indignant bee cries, "Fie upon them,"
And lilies blush, while roses hide their faces.
But when a certain Cartwhip had the glory
West York in Parliament to represent,
His honour's dungcart, though a natural tory,
Swore he could trust no prophet but th' event.

EPIGRAM.

Though Take's a rogue, and Give's a fool,
Yet Give and Take mean Good for Good:
Thus, Mine for Thine, is blessing doubled;
It's pence for pins, it's cloth for wool,
It's hay for steel—it's work for food!
With two enrich'd, and no one troubled.

LENT AND LOST.

1.

Of Mary, by heav'n lent,
Heav'n has bereft us;
And from her home all comfort went,
When Mary left us.

2.

We fear no ills, no foes,
Though they surround us;
Pass on, thou cloud of many woes!
The worst has found us.

3.

If lowest cannot fall,
Need we be wary?
We lost fear, joy, hope, danger, all,
When we lost Mary.

4.

In vain, vex'd Sea of Change,
Thou thy rocks chafest!
Secure, thy dreaded verge we range:
Saddest is safest.

LAND.

He ties up hands
Who locks up lands:
The lands which can't be sold and bought
Bring men and states to worse than nought:
The lands which can be freely sold
Are worth a world of barren gold.*

* Land, in Britain, is withdrawn from competition by the law of primogeniture, and in France by that of equal division among all the children of a marriage, to the great danger of both countries.

EPIGRAM.

What is a communist? One who hath yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings:
Idler, or bungler, or both, he is willing
To fork out his penny, and pocket your shilling.*

SONNET.

No proud man's scorn can Bloomfield's fame
destroy,
Though lords may still his origin deride:†
Ev'n lords have prais'd "the bard who walk'd in
joy
Following his plough upon the mountain's side:"
And who derides the "Norwich Weaver Boy"
Whom senates hear, standing at Cobden's side?
The rank our fathers worshipp'd seems a toy
To us, who say to Privilege, "Thou'rt defied."
It is, at best, a lamp whose oil is spilt;
Or old dull book, which we behold and laugh,
And in whose ancient title, faintly gilt,
Stanley might read his order's epitaph:
"Here sleeps Prescription, in his tomb of boards,
Buried beneath a multitude of words."

* And he has two names, Legion and Danger.
† See Byron's Satire.

HYMN.

Earth's tyrants, sworn to spoil or spill
The blood that scorns the name of slave,
Ev'n while they mock heav'n's holy will,
Make of their graves oppression's grave.
What, though delay'd ? The funeral torch
Of Old Delusion is prepar'd;
And in his marble pillar'd porch
The last procession's pomp declar'd.
Bring forth the hydra-headed corse!
Throw o'er his many faces, throw
The pall of thought-subjected Force!
The pall of hopeless Toil and Woe!
And deep in earth, with curses deep,
Inter the long-endur'd of God,
Where Hope and Joy shall harvests reap,
And richer verdure deck the sod.

AIR, LIGHT, FOOD, LIFE.

1.

Tax'd Light is poison'd air;
And lords and squires tax Light;
The smile of God, the breath of life,
They curse, with all their might!
They curse the blessed sod;
They, kneel to curse and pray;

They famish, in the name of God,
His children day by day:
Light, Air, and Food, they tax;
Could hell's worst fiends do worse?
Man's all on earth, Light, Air, Food, Life,
With all their might, they curse!
Then, who would play the lord
O'er wapentake and shire?
To make such law, the Dev'l himself
Would scorn to be a Squire.

2.

But sin comes home to roost;
And right too long delay'd
May match, for them, their wretches' home,
The hell on earth they've made:
To beg the bread they curse;
To find in want a hell;
To perish like their victims, starv'd;
May yet requite them well.
"Lord, do thou unto us
As we to others do!"
Such pray'r, from spotted lips, like theirs,
Might turn their angels blue!
Then, who would play the lord
O'er wapentake and shire?
To curse, by law, Light, Air, and Life,
What beast would be a Squire?

HYMN.

1.

The deed is done, the end begun;
Slaves, patient long, will yet be men;
The battle of Freetrade is won!
Storm'd, conquer'd is the robber's den!
All praise to them who won the fight;
Thompson, Hume, Villiers, Cobden, Bright!

2.

They shouted, as they storm'd the den,
"No slaves like us the world hath seen;
There are no men like Englishmen;
So task'd and robb'd, as we have been!"
Then, prais'd be they who won the fight;
Hume, Whitmore, Fryer, Cobden, Bright!

3.

They sought the felons in their den,
And shouted over land and sea,
"There are no men like Englishmen,
So wise and good as we will be!"
Then, praise to them who won the fight;
Smith,* Thompson, Bowring, Cobden, Bright!

* Adam Smith, though he died before the enactment of our present corn laws, (Forget not, Slave, that they still exist, and exist in thee!) was the true conqueror of free trade. July 3, 1847.

EPIGRAM.

Said job-fatten'd Shark to lord Wolf at the Park,
"Low wages, last week, brought respect for the laws;
And high wages, this week, bring riot and sorrow,
With Strikes and Trade's Unions!" But what is the cause
Of high wages to-day, and low wages to-morrow,
Lord Wolf knows as well as his parasite Shark;
For man has been sober and just in all ages,
When sure that fair labour would bring honest wages.*

EPITAPH.

Where millions suffer, why mourn one
Who suffers now no more?

* I have been able to trace to bad legislation somewhere, as its main cause, Every great commercial revulsion, or crisis, that has happened in my time. I have seen the world deluged with blood during thirty years, Because men were forced to receive and pay bits of stamped paper as money! And I have lately seen One Hundred and Fifty Millions wasted in uncalled for Railways, Because gamblers were allowed to sell their Bets! But can bad harvests be prevented by legislation? Their worst consequences can, and shall. January 5, 1848.

'Tis but another victim gone ;
And myriads went before !
Murder'd by act of Parliament !
Soul-crush'd by Landlord's law !
But why for Landlord's pastime sent
To death's devouring maw ?
My Lords, your sports are watch'd in heav'n ;
And there, George Ratcliffe is forgiven.

EPITAPH.

Far from smoke and din remov'd,
Tir'd of strife, of turmoil sick,
Safe among the clods he lov'd,
(Under sandstone one foot thick,
Three feet square, and laid on brick,
With an ample central hole
For a sturdy holly-bole,)
Madman deem'd, and blockhead prov'd,
Here the Cornlaw Rhymer's shov'd,

BRITAIN IN FEBRUARY 1846.

Miles outmouthing Ancient Pistol,
Ships keep holiday at Bristol :
Rapine mocking the Great Giver,
Wheat is sunk in Severn river ;*

* This week, a quantity of foreign wheat, imported by Philpots & Co. of Gloucester, and which had become

Glory to the Squires for ever!
England, Ireland, waiting ruin,
Facts like this might teach all races—
Richmond braying, Churchill spuing,
Both are mask'd in human faces!
Thus, the Devil (Saints o'er-reaching,)
Takes the parson's form, when preaching
"Pomp and partridge for the idle,
Want far work, for thought a bridle,
Bench for Blindworm taught at college,
Hell-on-earth for useful knowledge!"

FRANCE OF THE OLD REGIME.

France of the Old Misrule!
Horror in Ridicule
Bring from the Past!*
Loathsome with living forms,
Ring'd with corruption-worms,
Come as thou wast!

damaged, was thrown into the Severn, under the supervision of a very vigilant Custom house officer. Gloucester Journal.

* What could possibly be more horrible, or ridiculous, than the conduct of a class of men who, fed in utter idleness, yet contrived to quarrel with their bread and butter, and produce the French Revolution of 1789.

Foul as our robber's den,
Gorg'd with the souls of men,
Number thy slain!
Speak! with their myriad tongues,
Speak of unnumber'd wrongs!
Not twice in vain!
Trumpet the thunder's tone!
Living by dead Foulon
Warn and appal!
(When the red arm was bared,
Who could be better spar'd
By one and all?)
While there 's time, if there 's time,
Crimemaking Law and Crime
Teach, by his fate!
Why should thy accents stern
Say of the Slow-to-learn,
"They learn'd too late?"

WHICH IS WORST?

The man who takes, and doth not give,
Hath stol'n what he receives:
The man who gives, and doth not take,
Is wasting what he gives.

Life hath two rascals: Take-for-nought
Turns Labour's loaf to stone;

While Give-for-nought, with Labour's groat,
Bribes idlers, viler none:
He bribes the lord, he bribes the squire,
He bribes their palac'd priest,
He bribes corruption's dam and sire,
And cooks their age-long feast.
What! sow ye sloth, and fatten vice,
That pomp may trade in pain?
If Good-for-good is blessed twice,
So give, that Good may gain:
Not only help the sinless woe,
That fainteth at your door;
But say to them who curses sow,
"Resoul your unsoul'd poor."
Then,—what ye give shall be repaid
With good, ten-thousand fold;
For Knowledge is the stone that turns
Earth's living dross to gold.

THE PEOPLE'S ANTHEM.

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC, AT THE REQUEST OF W. T. WOOD, ESQ.

1.

When wilt thou save the people?
Oh, God of Mercy! when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!

Flowers of thy heart, oh, God, are they!
Let them not pass, like weeds, away!
Their heritage a sunless day!
God, save the people!

2.

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it thy will, oh, Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
"No!" say thy mountains; "No!" thy skies:
"Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard, instead of sighs."
God, save the people!

3.

When wilt thou save the people?
Oh, God of Mercy! when?
The people, Lord, the people!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God! save the people! thine they are,
Thy children, as thy angels fair:
Save them from bondage, and despair!
God! save the people!*

* And who are the people? They are all those persons who, by honestly maintaining themselves, and, perhaps earning a surplus,—or by honestly living on the precious earnings and savings of others—prove their right to govern the community through their representatives. I deny that any human being is born

ANNIVERSARY MONODY ON PROTECTION,

WRITTEN 31ST JANUARY 1849.

Reflecting crime and banks of blood,
Long rolls the River of the Damn'd
Through murder's shouts; its murderous flood
With million victim-corses cramm'd:
At last, Great God, thy sun sinks cold
The hell-prais'd "hell of waters" o'er!
And, oh, may tortur'd Man behold
The "hell of waters" never more!
Never more!

possessed of a right to vote for members of parliament. All men, and all women, are born possessed of the right to acquire the power of doing so; just as all boys are born possessed of the right to acquire the power of using edgetools. But no boy is born possessed of a right to cut even his own fingers; and before any person meddle with mine, I would have him understand the nature of edgetools. The right to vote for members of parliament is founded on property and knowledge, that property and knowledge which every self-sustained person possesses, in the labour, or skill, which enables him, or her, to live; and taxation and representation ought to be co-extensive, because Taxes are paid by self-sustained persons alone. The pauper, be he palaced or hovelled, pays no taxes; the murderous protectionist, be he voter or legislator, none. Little knows the latter, if he be rich, for whom and what he has been an impoverisher; and woe be to him and his appropriations, if his folly and wickedness are to be much longer misruling forces!

PROTECTIONIST M.P.—A PORTRAIT.

Behold the kind soul, who, if faces speak truth,
Would something have for nought!
See his hungry hook'd nose, that still watching his mouth,
Seems jealous of his throat!

LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.

We watch'd him, while the moonlight,
Beneath the shadow'd hill,
Seem'd dreaming of good angels,
And all the woods were still.
The brother of two sisters
Drew painfully his breath:
A strange fear had come o'er him,
For love was strong in death.
The fire of fatal fever
Burn'd darkly on his cheek,
And often to his mother
He spoke, or tried to speak:
"I felt, as if from slumber
I never could awake:
Oh, Mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!
A cold, dead weight is on me,
A heavy weight, like lead:
My hands and feet seem sinking
Quite through my little bed:

I am so tir'd, so weary—
With weariness I ache:
Oh, Mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!
Some little token give me,
Which I may kiss in sleep—
To make me feel I'm near you,
And bless you, though I weep.
My sisters say I'm better—
But, then, their heads they shake:
Oh, Mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!
Why can't I see the poplar,
The moonlit stream and hill,
Where, Fanny says, good angels
Dream, when the woods are still?
Why can't I see you, Mother?
I surely am awake:
Oh, haste! and give me something
To cherish for your sake!"
His little bosom heaves not;
The fire hath left his cheek:
The fine chord—is it broken?
The strong chord—could it break?
Ah, yes! the loving spirit
Hath wing'd his flight away:
A mother and two sisters
Look down on lifeless clay.

TO THOMAS LISTER.

Friend, I return your English Hexameters, thanking you for them.
More than forty years since, I constructed such verses,
Choosing a lofty theme, too often worded unsimply.
Even now, I remember one stol'n line of the anthem:
"Thou for ever and ever, God, Omnipotent, reignest!"
Though my verbiage pleas'd me, long ago did it journey
Whither dead things tend. For Homer's world-famous metre
Cannot in english be pleasing. Saxon may write it in Saxon,
Oft' for dactyl and spondee using iambic and trochee,
Pleas'd—and making a boast of his wasted labour and lost time;
But with grace and simplicity none can write it in our tongue,
Though the sturdy gothic oft' runs into it promptly,
As it grandly does in these fine lines from the Bible:

"How art thou fall'n from heav'n, oh, Lucifer, son of the Morn!" and
"Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?"
Not unpleasing always, mostly 'tis feeble, yet stilted,
Wanting, in wanting ease, the might which is mightiest, beauty.
Yet can it finely paint the beauty of form and of colour;
Skies, and the sea; or mountains cloud-like in distance, and stealing
Azure from heav'n; or the daisy fresh in the dew-gleam of dawn; or
Young June's blush-tinted hawthorn, that scatters the snow of its dropp'd flowers
Over the faded cowslip, and roses embrac'd by the woodbine,
Under the mute, or songful, or thunder-whispering forest;
But from man's heart seldom it brings the tear, which the angels,
Knowing not sorrow, might almost in their blessedness envy.
Slow or rapid, sweet or solemn, in greek and in latin,
It is in english undignified, loose, and worse than the worst prose.

One advantage it has—it must be utter'd as prose is;
And as it may be wanted, if only as changes are wanted,
I subjoin the rule for its fitting or modern construction:
Every line must consist of six feet, dactyls and spondees,
Dactyls and trochees, or dactyls and both: A dactyl the fifth foot
Must be; a spondee or trochee the sixth: Each line must contain not
More than sixteen syllables, and not fewer than thirteen.

THUS DO YE?

Snap, and Snivel! deadly triflers!
Hawking pity! taxing food!
Turning workers into niflers,
All for England's good!
Breeding rogues for exportation,
Weep, for happier slaves than they!
Raising brutes to sink a nation,
Throw your men away!
Stealing kingdoms, shipping bibles,
Scourge mankind in every clime!
Building churches, preaching libels,
Manufacture crime!

SONG.

1.

Donought would have everything;
Eat the lark, and use its wing;
Sip the sweet, and be the sting:
Donought is the only King.

2.

Donought is an alchemist;
Hencock is a communist;
Idle head is heavy fist;
Will's a right line—with a twist.

3.

Hark! the throstle! what sings he?
"Worm, my Beauty, come to me!"
Yet all lovely things are free:
"Chain'd and happy, cannot be."

4.

"See the daisies, how they grow!"
When they list, the breezes blow:
Why can't weary man do so?
All enjoy, and nothing owe?

5.

"Mouth, keep open! Eyes, be shut!"
Take no care for back or gut:
Best of women is the slut:
Hey, for cattle cook'd and cut!

A PLEA FOR LAMARTINE.*

1.

Why should the soul for kindness made
Believe that truth and love can fade?
The rose that deck'd Eve's virgin brow,
Adorns my Fanny's bosom now.

2.

Then, grow in beauty, Beauty's child,
And with her daisies wander wild!
For dewdrops brightly seek the sun,
And skyward still the rivers run.

3.

Why should the poet's heart grow cold?
Immortal things are never old:
Still burn the lamps o'er ocean hung,
And song-voic'd ocean still is young.

4.

Then, Bard, let thought be God in thee,
That words of life, from sea to sea,
May sweep all loveless things away;
For not of life, but death, are they.

* He needs one; for Communism, alias Cornlawism, alias Protectionism, alias Trade's-union-ism, is now (March 1848,) the french government! We know what the legislation which outrages the laws of nature, has done for the idle and skilless few: let us also know, and once for all, what it can do for the idle and skilless many: the industrious and skilful will then protect themselves from the idle and skilless of all classes; for what is monopoly but skilless idleness, privileged to plunder?

5.

Why should the pain-paid patriot fear
A slave's or tyrant's frown or sneer?
Though sun-like aims may darkly set,
You, eldest Heav'ns, are youngest yet!

6.

Then, work, still work, ye good and true!
The flowers, in Eden, breath'd of you:
Still write your names in deeds of light!
The heav'ns, of old, proclaim'd your might.

BULLY IDLE'S PRAYER.

Lord, send us weeks of sundays,
A saint's day every day,
Shirts gratis, ditto breeches,
No work, and double pay!
Tell Short and Long they're both short now;
To Slow and Fast one meed allow;
Let Louis Blanc take Ashley's cow,
And Richmond give him hay!*

* Twenty-four years ago, our Protectionists had notice given them by me, that they would have imitators; and they must not be allowed to forget, that out of their cornlaws sprung the Trade's Union which is now (March 1848) the french government!

THE FEVER OF FAMINE.

1.

Away, to the street—Let us see the bricks grow;
For Crime is Want's watchman! and in the back row
A quick-breathing creature creeps silent and slow,
Though eye hath not seen him and no man can know,
Till he kisses gaunt faces! and down his pets go,
Where the fever'd of famine rot richly below.

2.

He breathes in gaunt faces the breath of his name!
Then, strength, like a giant, upgirds the weak frame;
The cheeks of the farthingless burst into flame;
Joy laugheth in frenzy, where joy never came;
And victimless victims, from horror and shame
Are rescu'd by one whom our gods never blame.

3.

Then, Fever of Famine! why seek'st thou the row
Where Law curses Labour, as soot sullies snow?
Dumb Dog of Earth's Devils! why dost thou not go
Where Rapine's Saint Richmond wrings blessings from woe?
Or Buckingham's Wines-of-the-Famine-Act glow?
Or hypocrite Ashley is hypocrite's beau?

4.

Nay, Breather of Darkness! work wisely, and save
The few and the many, the lord and the slave;

Ere hunger's blind ocean, all masterless, rave;
Ere famine's wild spirit be whirlwind and wave;
And pomp, not unwept by the good and the brave,
Write "Child of my Sorrow," on Apathy's grave!

5.

Oh, better reap blessings, where curses are sown,
And share with the sowers the good that is grown,
Than breathe on thy masters the breath they have blown,
To quench their meek souls in a hell of their own,
Invisibly teaching to shudder and groan
The damn'd on all hearths, from the hut to the throne!

CONFUSION'S CHAMPION,

A PORTRAIT.

Blind folly's hope, and basest hope's despair:
The readiest prater, with the stoniest stare:
The palac'd god of mortgag'd lord and squire,
With brain-burnt ears, that set bad hearts on fire:
True to his vileness—false to friend and foe:
Eager to boast what good men blush to know:
Where ruin follows, ever swift to lead;
Best pleas'd extortion's meanest cause to plead,
And make each word he snarls an evil deed:
Behold a termagant, in fury cool!
Prescription's addle'd cabman! born to drive,

For Hard and Soft, his grandam's Dead—Alive,
And learn to spell where Breakneck keeps a school!
Proud to be worst! Enamour'd of disgrace!
Too much a maniac to be quite a fool!
Too like his faction to be wisely base!
Too well prepar'd, while darkening deadliest gloom,
To show how mean a spark may fire the mine of Doom!

HYMN.

Still for rest on Sabbath day,
Air and light on "Labour's day,"
Let us toil—if toil we may;
Toil till death, if toil we may,
Toil till death for pauper's pay,
And our blessed Sabbath day.

INSCRIPTION UNINSCRIBED.

A slave unowned, for pauper's pay,
And the sweet peace of Sabbath day,
He toil'd, and steep'd his bread in pain—
Till leave to toil he ask'd in vain.

WILL IT RAIN?

1.

"Bread!" the starver faintly sigheth;
"I have none!" the robb'd replieth;

Doall loseth, Starveall winneth;
Cheatall laugheth, while he sinneth;
Work grim-gaspeth o'er spare diet;
And the Million-Tongued is quiet.

2.

When the forest breatheth deeply,
Darked sun down shining steeply;
When the noon-night scarcely shifteth;
And the windy cloud uplifteth
Not a leaf the mute heav'ns under;
Then, the thoughtful look for thunder!

GOOD MEN'S GRAVES.

Lone, they rest. Nor Snap, nor Snivel,
Robs, or pities virtue's dust!
Marble insults, Cant and Drivel
Build not o'er the just.
Them, in thought, the honest only
Visit, while they toil as slaves:
Oh, 'Tis true? the stars shine lonely
Over good men's graves.
All in silence, not in sorrow,
Read they on the wordless sod,
"These men's deeds will speak, to-morrow;
They are words of God;
Heard in heav'n, with tears of gladness;
Mute on earth! yet working there;
Bringing chains for rapine's madness,
Wings for chain'd despair."

THE YEAR OF SEEDS.

THE YEAR OF SEEDS.

Oh, Forty Eight, thou's but a bairn,
And not owre auld, I hope, to learn!
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak' care,
Now thou has got thy daddy's chair;
Be sure thou follow out his plan,
Nae waur than he did, honest man.

TO WILLOUGHBY WOOD, ESQ.

DEPLORING ITS UNWORTHINESS THE MORE, BECAUSE EXCELLENCE ALONE CAN HARMONIZE WITH WORTH LIKE HIS; AND ALTHOUGH HIS BROTHER FOXHUNTERS WILL MARVEL WHY SUCH A COMPOSITION SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO ONE OF THEM;—I DEDICATE THIS CYCLE OF REVOLUTIONARY SONNETS.

1.

Toy of the Titans! Tiny Harp! again
I quarrel with the order of thy strings,
Establish'd by the law of sonnet-kings,
And us'd by giants who do nought in vain.
Was Petrarch, then mistaken in the strain

That charms Italia? Were they tasteless things
That Milton wrought? And are they mutterings
Untuneful, that pay Wordsworth with pleas'd pain?
No. But I see that tyrants come of slaves;
That states are won by rush of robber's steel;
And millions starv'd and tortur'd to their graves,
Because as they are taught men think and feel;
Therefore, I change the sonnet's slavish notes
For cheaper music, suited to my thoughts.

2.

Far uplands, gleaming suddenly, advance;
And under the broad moon their farthest snows
Shine like the sunbright lakes of new-found lands;
While from her forehead she her dark hair throws,
And (lord of midnight,) the rapt poet stands
Mute as the Roman, from the shore of France
Gazing on Britain o'er the virgin sea;
And weaving then the fates that were to be,
For generations, times, and climes, and strands,
Unknown and unconceiv'd. Oh, unborn Year!
Disclose the comings which the past commands,
The joy, the woe, the crime, the hope, the fear,
That bid the future join the ages gone,
Still uttering the eternal mandate, "On!"

3.

In the mark'd hut, whose flam'd-up smoke declares
That morn approaches, heavily snores one
Who loves the moon, and seldom sees the sun:

Upon his chested picklocks, gun, and snares,
He sits, and nods. Starting, he wakes, and stares
Red as the fire, after his boys, who run
Through the quick-closing door, into the dun
Cold road, for warmth; while his gloom'd wife prepares
His morning supper. Why do men deny
His right to live by honest labour? Why,[a]
Ev'n as the desert's tyger, is he free?
Gamekeeper once, now poacher, (When to be
Burglar and cutthroat?) the world's worst he dares;
Because he stole one of our Master's hares!

4.

Why do the tears swell in his gloom'd wife's eyes?
To her and hers, he is already lost.
Oh, conscious river, crisping in the frost!
Thou snow, that stiflest echo! and ye skies,
Alive with stars, that seem to watch the glade,
And, there, some object, that all ghastly lies!
The last night of the dying Year hath seen
Two widows and twelve orphans newly made!
And Law will have another victim soon.
Not ten yards from our Lady's wayside spring;
Where daisy-rill, ic'd o'er, is glittering,
The lover's gate, and gospel-thorn between;
Upon its back lies stark a horrid thing,
With dead eyes staring at the ghastly moon.

5.

Not die? Who saith that Nature cannot die?
Everywhere spreadeth, all things covereth
Echoless, motionless, unbounded snow.
The vagrant's footfall waketh no reply:
Starv'd wretch! he pauseth—Whither would he go?
He listeneth finger-lipp'd, and nothing saith
Of all the thoughts that fill'd his soul with woe,
But, freezing into stiffness, lacketh breath.
Dumb deadness pilloweth day on every hill.
Earth has no sound, no motion the dead sky;
No current, sensible to ear or eye,
The muffled stream's unconquerable will.
The pulse of Being seemeth standing still;
And January is the King of Death.

6.

Give not our blankets, taxfed Squire, to him,
Thy willing pauper, with the dangerous brow!
He is not worthier, Generous Squire, than thou,
But stronger far, and sound in wind and limb.
Know'st thou yon widow? She is wise and chaste;
And comely, though her famish'd eyes wax dim.
Her husband built a house upon the waste,[b]
And lost it: they who found it should make haste
With help for her who, else, will die to day.
She hath no blankets! and no parish-pay:

But she hath frosted feet, a fireless grate,
A well-swept floor—by neighbour's feet untrod!
Tears, which are ice; a starv'd dog, a clean plate,
Her wedding ring, her bible—and her God!

7.

Ralph Leech believes (and he can read and write,)
That Conference-Sunday schools have sav'd the nation.
He would compel the dark to seek his light,
Yet hates, for freedom's sake, state-education.
That corn laws are "Man's wisdom, and God's mercy;"
That Prairie is the Book of Common Prayer;
And that one Shakspeare is a fat old Player;[c]
He doubts no more than that Canton's in Jersey.
Though cold the night, how fast his chapel fills!
Why? Sir De Suckem hath a message sent,
Urging the Suckems of the People's Cause
To prop Saint Suckem's Navigation laws;
Therefore, our friends petition Parliament
Against cheap sugar, slavery, and steam mills!

8.

All hail, Westknab! Great Kinder! Blakelowscar!
Standedge! Winhill! Storm's Blackstone! From afar
When ye come forth in ether clear and still,
Sad tidings ye convey to Hargate-rill

Of coming wreck and elemental war.
While broadens the bright sun, or noontide star;
As if, corrupted by their uncurb'd will,
The lofty and the bright rejoic'd in ill.
So, when drew nigh doom'd Britain's baleful hour,
Portents of mightiest Evil Spirits cast
Dire brightness on the face of Evil Power;
And love and labour, heart-struck, stood aghast,
While horror wrote, beneath th' affrighted sky
A blood-red warning for eternity.

9.

Rivers are torrents, vales and plains are lakes,
When February draws her curtains down.
Rain! rain! The universal snow forsakes
Moorland and mountain, forest, farm, and town.
Rain! Rain! it pours, it pours. Red land-floods drown
Blue ocean's baffled tide. With calm cold frown,
The cold grey rock, that saw death's cradle, wakes
From his old dream of drowth, to find his home
In cloud-hung deluge. The old forest shakes
His wrinkled forehead o'er the whirling foam
Of inland sea; and with the haste that takes
Life's sad last blessing, down the revels come
Of sky and upland, mix'd in cataract
That rioteth in waste, like one who long hath lack'd.

10.

How like the clear, bright ether, which brings fire,
Wind, rain, and darkness, is the cruel eye
Of plotting Statecraft! Everywhere conspire
Thrones, and thy despotlings, Feudality,
To crush the hopes of Freedom everywhere.
The spoil of nations is their common fund.
Their first card was the baffled Sonderbund;
They play'd and lost! and still to lose prepare.
But thou art reckless, Orleans! pause awhile.
Thou wilt not? Play, then. Ye again have lost,
Kings of the robb'd! and at your proper cost,
Must risk, henceforth, your stakes and trumps of guile.
What, though your Kinglings, in themselves a host,
Will pack your cards? They tremble, while they smile.

11.

Oh, that the winds of March could wither up
The never-sleeping treachery of Kings!
What, though Commotion hath the whirlwind's wings,
If blind Misrule is still the Unwithstood?
What, though wrong'd men have startled Fraud and Force,
If the leagu'd dynasties of Foot and Horse
Brood o'er a new Niagara of blood,
And drunken Waste still hugs her empty cup?

Hark, how the World's benetted miscreancies
Chaunt their growl'd slang, for altar, jail, and throne,
While in the Bael of sworded villanies
Each paltry despotling protects his own![d]
Proving the soundness of the saw accurs'd,
That little tyrants always are the worst.

12.

Cold sneerers, dead to pity, lost to shame!
It came, it cometh, "the tremendous gloom,"
That hurl'd the sire-dethroner to his doom;
God whispers—Hark! he names "The dreaded Name
Of Demogorgon!" Still your wolfish laws
Bare chain'd Prometheus to your vulture-claws;
And hope ye to escape the Torturer's fate?
Though long delay'd, it cometh, as it came!
It cometh—and will find you taught too late,
Soul-chaining, chain'd in soul, repentant never,
Darkest, yet darkening! Then, the fated frown
Will cast ye deep beneath all darkness down,
And brighten'd by your infamous renown,
All other infamy look bright for ever.

13.

Hath April wept herself into a dream
Of wond'rous joy? or a reality
Fairer and brighter than all dreaming? Deem
Not lightly, Bard, of her regality

In goodness. Lo, the beautiful are strong!
Lo, gentlest-love is power, whose noiseless stream
Keeps fresh the sea of life, which else would teem
Only with plagues! Oh, gold-bill'd Ouzle's song!
Hath Love's still might wak'd thee? Love's April! coldly
Primrosy airs breathe round thee. Clouds behold thee,
And mix thy music with their blushes. Morn,
Dew-glistening Morn, is silvering rock and tree,
While shadows shorten o'er the whitening thorn,
Perch'd on whose topmost-twig the woodwele hymneth thee.

14.

Red Evening, in her green-and-silver robes,
Looks from the uplands on the lakes below,
O'er realms of hawthorn, white with little globes
In which is folded up May's fragrant snow.
With closing eyes, to sleep the daisies go;
Beneath the fire-flower'd broom awakes the hare;
And gentle winds are waiting, fain to blow
News of the open'd rose to sons of care
Who toil for coffins! where the brave despair.
There, lo, in Trade's dark street, his trade of woe
The ever-weary village-genius plies!

Poor Boy! he sees not that he daily dies;[e]
Though oft' he longs to see the pink'd flower grow
Where, wing'd with love's glad strength, the
wheeling plover cries.[f]

15.

Oh, many-window'd House, whose light is gloom!
A homeless youth (brought by despair, to die
Where hope comes not,) pants in thy upper room,
And sees the May-Day lark ascend the sky;
But flower of May shall never meet his eye,
Nor mate the earth-worm's all-forgotten guest.
No. She who would have call'd the golden broom,
Or hawthorn-flower, to love him in the tomb,
Hath long been haven'd where the weary rest.
Who sees him weep? Who hears his latest sigh?
What hireling fiend mocks twice his parting groan?
His sire, his sister, the last friend, are gone
To Sin's Australia, where the bad thrive best;
And in a crowded world, he dies alone.

16.

Not here, not here! I beg it as a boon;
If ye dare weep and hope to be forgiv'n,
Lay not the poet of the village here,
Where comes no sun-light, save the grin of noon!
But to that grave-yard, full of peace and heav'n,
Where, not unhonour'd, rests a village seer,
(Who liv'd belov'd, to die forgotten soon,)

Bear ye the child of flowers. Oh, lay him near
His grand-sire's bones! for thither—when the wind
Bends the young twig, or shakes the old leaf down—
May stray (too scornful of the plunder'd town,)
Some hopeful, worth-respecting bard sublime,
Who (in man's ashes honouring human kind,)
May read the name of both, and do it into rhyme.

17.

Why? If the unremember'd are a crew
That yet will number all beneath the sun,
Though words outlive the evil that men do,
And written be their names in blood and flame,
Ev'n of the famous fam'd shall be not one!
Why lingers, then, on this greystone, the name
Of one whom all forget? Moss, water, air,
Day, night, ask Why? And our poor hearts declare
That ev'n this record is a sort of fame!
But though mute words may hallow long the spot
Where the forgotten say, "Forget us not,"
We write on graves the heart's last wish in vain!
And dust and lime, at last, alone remain
Where mind that was can never be again.

18.

Would they were written, (and in heav'n they are,)
The patient deeds of men of low estate!
Esteem'd so little, but how truly great!
When will their modest beams be hail'd afar,
And peacefully smile down the pomps of war?
Oh, when will Labour's weary sons descry,
Illumining with love an equal sky,
The honour'd rays of Toil's eternal star?
I know that our Redeemer lives; I know
That well he marks our strife with want and fear;
Our long-assur'd inheritance of woe!
I know that his good angels love to write
Our humblest deeds in everlasting light;
But Here Men Toil For Man's Redemption Here!

19.

And, Wordsworth, yet, thy soul, in good-abounding,
Will brim a world-wide cup, with purest good,
And be to sever'd lands a saviour flood,
(Not the loud-sounding, but the eversounding!)
With wafted blessings lonest isles surrounding:
The gentle ripple, and its low, sad wind,
Have found materials which the wise shall find,
Broad cities of the just on all shores founding.

Grand is thy temple for the soul-freed slave,
"With its foundations laid beneath the grave!"
And safe the bud which thou "with dewdrops shieldest!"
Then, hymn not thou pomp's pagan-priests and stalls;
Doom'd statecraft's doom'd religion of stone walls!
Such things are cold dead rubbish, "where thou buildest."

20.

Not that there is no greatness in the fane
That homes the spirit of man's deepest dread;
Chapel, Morai, Cathedral! Not in vain
The temple built with hands its roof hath spread
Beneath th' unpillar'd blue, wherever rain
Falls, or fire burns. For if the sleepless main
Clasps not an isle man-peopled to his breast;
But there some tokens of Hope's doubt attest
The deathless sov'reignty of Death and Pain.
Great is the least! as will the greatest be,
When moss shall creep o'er London's homeless walls,
And, taught by nation-humbling funerals,
The Pilgrim of the Future there shall see
Dead Worship's Skeleton! and pausing sigh,
"Saint Paul's!"

21.

Church of the Hamlet! thy grey tower and thee
Coeval elms hide from the passer by:
Temple within a temple! thou can'st see,
Unseen thyself, the pilgrim, quietly
Seated below; or coming funeral;
Or wedding-party's quicker pace, to me
Sadder than funeral's slow solemnity,
Its young, white bearers, or its sable pall.
But I tread on thy graves. Lo, fleshly blown,
June's trelliced flowers o'er-top the ancient wall
Of the good curate's garden! peeping down,
As if to read, with me, on stones moss-grown,
Names of the dead! whose doings none recall;
Whose doom—Oblivion! is the doom of all.

22.

Though thou no cloud in breezeless heav'n beholdest,
Foreshowing Gentianella! from the clown
Thy bright intensity of blue thou foldest;
And he, assur'd of rain, his sythe lays down.
Hast thou no deeper knowledge? Say, for right
Strove rous'd France vainly? Shall the Muscovite
From Fiume steam for London? Eager, here,
To wreathe with thorn the patriot-martyr's crown,
And vaunt base scorn of hated Liberty,
The feudal horde snuffs coming mischief. Peer,

And squire, (and would-be squire and peer,)
agree
To ban the wretch who struggles to be free;
And, grinning, shrug the yet-unknouted shoulders
That may be bared, ere long, to strange beholders.

23.

Oh, can July with woodbines ring her fingers,
And crown with roses her too regal head,
While, pale as snow, distracted Freedom lingers,
Gazing on cities where her best have bled?
Worryers of Nations! render up your dead!
Calabrian Polecat! many dead are thine:
Twice on thy people's heart's blood hast thou
fed.
Cur of Vienna! can thy teeth be red
With Roman gore, and desolation's wine,
And thou a Cæsar? Be thou, then, the last
That Roman will endure, or Europe see.
Oh, Etna's Isle! Rome! Venice! Italy!
Among your martyr's bones these vermin cast,
And on their doings let them feast or fast.

24.

The footprints of departed life remain
For hours, or years, or age-long years of years,
On sand, clay, stone. Thus, chroniclers of tears
Die, but not so Time's History of Pain.

Rooted on graves, Truth bears a living flower!
Man may forgive, but wounds their scars retain
As warnings! and the Powers of Good ordain
That to forget shall not be in our power.
For worst ills, too, have roots: they are the fruit
Of plotted action worn to habitude;
And the grey dynasties of Force might live,
Safe in their privilege of fraud and feud,
If agony died recordless and mute,
And to forget were easy as forgive.

25.

The heath-flower reddens. Purple Guttergrub,
To slay the moorcock cometh, fierce and fighty.
King of a dog-cart, and his shooting-club;
Sublime in conflict with starv'd berry-getters;
And teaching poor folks to respect their betters;
He thinks he is, at least, the King Almighty.
How like a toothless bitch that fain would bite, he
Calls freetrade-humbugs "Scoundrel, Scamp, and Scrub!"
Yet, like a thief who sees a constable,
He drops, when blustering most, his under jaw!
Ho, every slave from Perth to Dunstable,
Take from your looms and plates this magnate's paw,
And he shall yet become Of lawless Law
The best Reformer that the world e'er saw!

26.

Seven-Childed Widow! are thy boys at home?
Why, singly, seek'st thou food on wastes of stone?
With coward outrage Kinglingdom hath sown
Even the desert! and they dare not come,
Though they are starving! Therefore, doth she roam
God's keeper'd Moor, eager to sell for bread
Its only crop. But, Tyrant-sparing Heav'n!
Down come the hills—a sea of fire and foam!
The small speck covereth Light, as with a shroud.
Thou art a Night of clouds, thou little cloud!
Who into lightning, with his heavy tread,
Stamps the blind darkness, o'er the mountains spread?
Where is the Mother of the starving seven?"
She shricks! Deaf Deluge seizeth her. She's dead.

27.

August! 'tis passing pleasant to behold
Thy rising cornstack, and exulting wain;
Or, while the workers gather in the grain,
Gaze on thy seas of life-sustaining gold;
Or, wake the grey of earliest morn, and climb
Up to thy mountain'd wildernesses cold,
When nought is moving on the silent wold,
Except the shadow of heav'n's only cloud.
Who would not seek thy solitudes sublime,

To tread their shoreless purple all alone,
And of their proud solemnity be proud?
Surely, the heart were made of steel or stone,
That did not feel their grandeur, and confess
"The might, the majesty of loneliness."

28.

We *are not* lonely, Kinderscout! I stand
Here, with thy sire, and gaze, with Him and thee,
On desolation. This is Liberty!
I want no wing, to lift me from the land,
But look, soul-fetter'd, on the wild and grand.
Oh, that the dungeon'd of the earth were free
As these fix'd rocks, whose summits bare command
Yon cloud to stay, and weep for Man, with me!
Is this, then, solitude? To feel our hearts
Lifted above the world, yet not above
The sympathies of brotherhood and love?
To grieve for him who from the right departs?
And strive, in spirit, with the martyr'd good?
"Is this to be alone?" Then, welcome solitude.

29.

Month of the fire-ting'd leaves! why shall December
Scatter them, saying, "Honour to the strong?"
Quietest Month of Robin Redbreast's song!
Month of its sweetest quietness, September!

Thought's Month! pale townsmen, stretch'd in pain, remember
Thy second bloom of dewy flowers, and long
In vain, to wander with the golden gorse,
Where heav'n's blue brightens, and thy blue bells throng
Over the uplands. Village children learn
Early, to seek them there. The poor man's horse
Rejoices, too; and while the gorgeous fern
Deepens the glory of thy yellow wastes,
The sad-brow'd gipsy to their greenness hastes,
And to thy fountain'd swamps the worm-fed birds return.

30.

Art thou a colourist? Mark, how yon red
Poppy, and that bright patch of yellow bloom,
Cliff-borne above green depths and purply gloom,
Like spark and blaze on smiling darkness shed,
Give and take beauty! Mark, too, overhead,
How the rich verdure of this ancient tree,
And the deep purple of the bank, agree
To thrive in partnership! And while the bed
Of the clear stream, through tints of every hue,
Lifts its bath'd pebbles, lo! to brighten all,
The little harebell brings its bit of blue,
And is a gainer! happy to behold
Red blessing green, and purple gilding gold;
Of light and shade a marriage festival!

31.

Aye, startle with the sound of falling leaves
Yon white-hair'd man. October! he, like thee,
To summer's glowing brightness fondly cleaves,
And doom'd no more of hope's glad crew to be,
Speaks of his mournful doom reproachfully.
His year hath gather'd in its golden sheaves.
The weary wretch complains, that he must sleep.
Because his work is done, the idler grieves;
Because he can no longer get or keep
The things that call on men to toil and weep.
Then, let thy far-off sea-voic'd winds growl out
Their "Here-we-come!" forestalling accents deep
Of Doom's dread trumpet! when the heav'ns will shout,
"Hasten to Judgment, Child of Death and Doubt!"

32.

Flower-weeping April starts to life again,
When arch October for November weaves
A wedding garment in a shroud of tears.
'Tis made of pearlets splinter'd from the rain;
Or dew-drops shaken from the nodding spears
That guard the cold roots of the bare blackthorn;
And flowers (like April's,) hasten to adorn
Its mix'd hues, won from sunset. Through fall'n leaves
The primrose peeps! hom'd where the wren abides;
The violet, too! that would be lov'd, yet hides

Her beauty, dark with passion; and the whin,
Pale want's rough friend, laughs out to all "Good Morrow,"
And calls no child of woe a child of sin,
But, April-blossom'd, hoards a smile for sorrow.

33.

November's marriage-peal, far-off, is booming:
The bridegroom's face is sorrowfully glooming;
He saith, "December's chilling mist is coming!"
His gait is feeble, and his back is bow'd.
The sad wind suddenly its moaning husheth;
Hark! scarcely heard, the unseen runlet gusheth!
But soon again the moaning wind outrusheth,
And seemeth bickering with some mournful cloud.
Beneath the sickly moon the owl is flying;
Not to the misty moon the owl is crying;
Not to the owl the startled rat replying:
November married April, and is dying!
Near him, his young bride patiently is sighing;
And, lo, the moon hath cast away her shroud!

34.

Alas, Victoria! Nation-lov'd Regina!
Thy Kinglings make their infamy our own.
England! where now is saviour-sold Messina?[1]
Slain are her sons, her palaces o'erthrown.
Thy felon Steuart was not mean and base
As Blum's destroyer. Give him, then, thy hand,

Thou loath'd of Nature! Dost thou know the land
In which the loathing earth-worm slinks not down,
When sad winds name thee, near her dwelling-
place?
Betrayer of Mankind in Freedom's name!
Who doth not think of thee and thine with shame?
The damn'd of old, redeem'd by thy disgrace,
Brighten in Hell. The angels suffer pain,
Blushing for thee, where Eliot, Hampden, Vane,
Ask of each other, "Died we, then, in vain?"

35.

Methinks, I see thy bravest of the brave
Pale on his blighted deck. Whom tends he there?
The woman-fiend who serves a devil-queen,
And that queen's husband. On the deep they
stare!
For, lo, upright, starts from his watery grave
One, whose death-pangs two there have caus'd
and seen!
Shrieks the King-miscreant, "What with us
wants he?"
And all see death! two, death and infamy!
Tir'd Hell's Deputed Traitress! thy worst foe,
When execration writes thy vilest deed,
Could not in damning story wish to read
A sadder trilogy of words of woe
Than "Britain! Nelson! Carracciolo!"
And yet thou seem'st not vile as thou would'st be!

36.

Realm-Stealing Patron of all states and men!
Thy flag the sign of peace-pretended war,
Wherever flying! would that thou could'st see
Thyself as others see thee! Thou would'st, then,
Knowing thyself, see others as they are.
Erin would cease to stench the ocean-wave
With victim-freights of helots, nick-nam'd free;
Nor would that Hell of Nations be thy grave.
Oh, never may she see thee wreck'd with spoil!
A beggar, with all scorn by beggary named!
Pride's meanest cringer! asking leave to toil
Of her, once lowest of earth's poorest poor!
And in thy vileness hounded from her door,
Yet fain to kiss her foot, and not asham'd!

37.

Tyrants! ye are an unimproving race;
And 'tis the nature of the conquering base
To trample on the helpless till he die:
So, ye have advertiz'd for Kossuth's head!
For Kossuth lives! nor yet is Freedom dead.
Oh, yet her blood will blaze from sky to sky!
Yet, yet o'er Man's Rebellion will be pour'd,
In seas of fire, the universal horde
Whose name is Slave! Then, wilt thou, Destiny,
Write in her blood, o'er blood-quench'd Hungary,

"Here thou hast won the gate of boundless sway;
Steam hence for London, Triple-Million'd Sword!"
Or, on the quenchless heav'ns, "Behold the way
To Petersburgh and Moscow, Liberty!"

38.

What said that jailer jail'd, who would have been,
Had he been just, of men the greatest man?
"Europe, ere long, will be republican,
Or Cossac." What say they, whom we have seen
Risking dominion for their own vile ban?
"Better the Cossac than the artisan!
Better one master, than the public will!"
Aye, dig your mean grave deep, ye swift to screen
Wrong and the wronger! for the self-betray'd
Are God's abandon'd. Ye shall be obey'd.
Long-waiting Nicholas is patient still;
Tending his work of deadliest sin and woe,
And for his neighbours, over plain and hill
Sowing worst weeds, which, ye have sworn, shall
grow!

39.

I dream'd that God was Silence. Air was dead,
And Life a corpse laid out. The clouds had died
Of sunless cold. O'er all things snow was spread,
Mute as the billows of a frozen sea;
And, voiceless, the eternal wind swept wide
Under dumb skies, o'er steel-like sea and land.

Echo herself had perish'd, but reply
From her none needed was, where time forgot
The letters of his name, and sound was not,
And motion soundless; and all victory
Crown'd freezing Death, who, with world-covering hand,
And sword-like pen—and with an inward laugh—
On Mind's vast grave, wrote dead Hope's epitaph
In ice for ink: "Her Dream was Liberty."

40.

What Gods are these? Bright red, or white and green,
Some of them jockey-capp'd, and some in hats,
The gods of vermin have their runs, like rats.
Each has six legs, four moving, pendent two,
Like bottled tails, the tilting four between.
Behold Land-Interest's compound Man-and-Horse,
Which so enchants his outrag'd helot-crew,
Hedge-gapping, with his horn, and view-halloo,
O'er hunter's clover—glorious broom and gorse!
The only crop his godship ever grew:
Except his crop of hate, and smouldering ire,
And cloak'd contempt, of coward insult born,
And hard-fac'd labour, paid with straw for corn,
And fain to reap it with a scythe of fire.

41.

Lo, here comes farmer Nimrod, on his grey!
Eager his victim's well-earn'd hate to brave,

And proud to be a tyrant and a slave,
He damns his feeders twenty times a day:
"What right to think of his concerns have they?"
Well can he bear the trader's land-made cares:
"Happy the poor," quoth he; "for thrive who may,
A comfortable Workhouse still is theirs."
Yet swaps he not his happiness for ours!
But in the page that lauds his right to wrong,
Reads weekly, That Trade's gains to him belong;
For what the country grows, the town devours!
"*He* needs nor towns, nor trade! but traders eat;
And they must pay *his* price! or he will grow no wheat." [k]

42.

All white below, and brightly blue above!
A fitting temple for Eternal Love,
December's World of snow and sky! art thou.
The groinings of his roof no stone require;
The spangles of its dome are worlds of fire;
Its pillars are the Everlasting Now.
Thron'd on his deeds, He reigns—by all beheld,
By all obey'd; soul-felt, and soul-ador'd,
And soul-proclaim'd; of Life and Death the Lord!
I kneel to him in reverence, not in fear;
And on his forehead, easy to be spell'd,
Read his great precept, "Let the soul be free."
Oh, God of Works! why should I worship here
A god of words, when I can worship thee?

43.

With words for chains, in links of prose or rhyme,
We proudly fix the Homeless in his place;
Naming Eternity, we think of time;
Naming Infinity, we think of space;
Of the worm's path, whose crawling's we can trace
On vast immutabilities of dust;
The deathless monuments of human trust,
Which passing hours, or moments, still efface.
Proud of our foolscap, and its jangled bells;
Blind to the All-Apparent, All-Unknown,
Who tips with suns his spires and pinnacles;
Our ignorance on our vanity we enthrone,
And in a little chapel of our own
Creep to the worship of dead syllables.

44.

Blind leaders of the blind, by blindness led,
Men say to God, and his Eternal Year,
"Stop! it is finish'd! let your rushing skies
Rein in their fiery steeds, and be at rest."
Yet do our altars stand, though built of sod!
Then, scorn not Error. Dateless is the faction
That, if they could, would bridle Mind's career,
And eagerly erase the words of light
O'er Truth's wide portals written to be read:
"All things that are, or were, are thought in action,

The testing of the Thinker's theories;
And they who limit knowledge, do their best
To stop, or hinder, Progress Infinite,
The Wisdom and the Happiness of God!"

45.

The morning of the last day of the year
Instructs me that my course is nearly run.
I thank thee that I see another sun,
Father of Seasons! that I still am here
To do thy will; and that the dawn is near
Of a New Life for me. What have I won
In worthy strife? What good work unbegun
Awaits me? Father, I must soon appear
Before thee, to be sentenc'd. If I strove
In kindness, I am safe. What is our own?
That only which we build for thee and thine.
Who shall reap love, unless he sow in love?
If I have labour'd for myself alone,
I need no lock'd strong coffer: Nought is mine!

46.

The evening of the Year's last day is come;
And on pale Erin's face, (but not like one
Who hath no hope,) with lingering gaze, the sun
Looks, pausing still to look. There is no bloom
On her clos'd lips, no passion on her brow;
Yet never seem'd she beautiful as now!

And pride and grandeur deepen in the gloom
Which his large brow casts o'er her winding-sheet
And lifeless locks. The blue sky is her tomb,
The sea her bier. "We part," he says, "to meet;
Yet shalt thou live, and love, be bless'd, and bless;
Yet shalt thou—holy, happy, chang'd—arise."
And he thanks God! with splendor-flashing eyes,
And firier fervor in his thankfulness.

47.

Night! starless Night! thick darkness, floor'd with snow!
If this be death, the Soul of Things repairs,
In death, the strength by which th' immortals reign,
And suffering truth to be a martyr dares:
If this be death, in death the mind prepares
The growths of larger thought than yet hath been,—
The unconceiv'd, that shall be felt and seen,
And bow the heav'ns, to lighten toil and pain:
If this be death, through death to life we go!
For what is death, but sleep in starless night?
In sleep, the childless sees her son restor'd;
In sleep, the widow clasps again her lord;
And sleep gives blissful tears to hopeless woe:
Then, why should Death the pillow'd soul affright?

48.

Answer me, Fear! Thou in the depths dost dwell,
In darkest depth; for light is dark to thee,
And noon concealeth the dread Mystery
Which men call nothingness, and fate, and hell.
Profoundest Fear! who, closing thy wide eyes,
Beholdest God! and two eternities!
And shriek'st. "The One! The sole Infallible!"
Brave Trembler! Thou, who seek'st, and fear'st to find,
The Cause Uncaus'd of mindless things and mind,
The Unapproach'd, Unsearchable, Alone!
If pain thou know'st, if weakness knows thee well,
And if thy weakness is unmeasur'd might,
Answer me! Why should helpless Death affright
The Lifter of the Veil of the Unknown?

49.

What doth it cover? Mystery and Thee.
Life Everlasting, and All-vital Sleep,
That Mystery is, and evermore will be.
Thou art all passions, all in one, dark Fear!
All passions of all men, the bond and free,
Whether they love, or hate, or laugh, or weep;
For all would have, and all who have would keep.
Then, lift the veil, and thy own features see
Beneath it, thou strong servant of Love's might!
Taught by the Progresser to show Man here

God's face in goodness only, and the right;
Reading his Name in darkness which is light;
And ever summoning the infinite
Of age-long moments, to complete His Year!

50.

And to the Father of Eternal days,
And fairest things, that fairer yet will be,
Shall I no song of adoration raise,
While Passion's world, and Life's great agony,
Are one dread hymn, dread Progresser! to thee?
Thou, Love, art Progress! And be thine the praise
If I have ever lov'd thy voice divine,
And o'er the sadness of my slander'd lays
Flings its redeeming charm a note of thine.
Oh, Gentlest Might Almighty! if of mine
One strain shall live, let it thy impress bear;
And please wherever humble virtues twine
The rose and woodbine with the thorns of care,
Thriving because they love! Thy temple, Lord,
is there![1]

NOTES.

[a] Game-preservers do not persecute the man who kills a hare, and having been prosecuted, escapes conviction. They leave him to the intelligent mercy of their tenants at will, who, unless labourers happen to be very scarce, find nothing for him to do "under the sun."

[b] Our legislators seem determined to throw every possible obstacle in the way of the working man who wishes to found property on knowledge, and self-respect on both. If it is possible for the labourer who has earned and saved £100, to find a person willing to sell him an acre of freehold land for that sum, (which it seldom is,) the conveyance adds ten per cent. to the price, and subtracts ten per cent. from the value; the difference made by the addition and the subtraction being twenty per cent., or one-fifth of the whole cost. But there is another chance left for him; he may build on the lord's waste. In almost every instance, he who does so loses his labour. But why, I am asked, should labourers become freeholders? They who ask the question never labour.

[c] These words form part of the creed of a Hallamshire saint, who, when a boy, saw Shakspeare act a play at Sheffield. The bard was then, he says, "A great fat fellow, with a white beard."

[d] "Lord John Manners, and a large number of gentlemen, met at Waltham on the Wolds on thursday, to consider the propriety of petitioning parliament for a *small* fixed duty on corn and cattle. Mr. Beasley moved, 'That it is expedient to impose a protective duty on the importation of foreign cattle; and to retain, and if necessary to encrease, the duties now imposed on corn.' Carried by acclamation."

The above is quoted from the Spectator of January 20, 1849, on which day the small duty on foreign corn happened to be about 8s. per quarter. If the acclaimers are aware that a fixed duty of one shilling is a class-tax of two and a half millions a year, they propose to tax the community twenty millions a year, for the sole benefit of landlords and farmers!

[e] There is no unremovable cause of the inferior health of town's people. They may and will become more healthy than our peasantry are now *said to be* by the humanitarians. And when free trade shall have compelled farmers to conciliate the labourer, by offering him a good cottage and four acres of grass land for £15 per annum, on condition that he shall labour for wages, instead of skulking on the bit of land, as pet cottagers do at present, our peasants will be men! and able to christianize their enslavers; for their wives—on the spare milk of their dairies, and indian corn bought with their husbands' wages and malted—may each bring to market yearly 500 lbs. of butter, 15 fat pigs, and two hundred fowls.

[f] The lady smock, Rousseau's favourite flower.

[g] The game laws have been lately altered, (and thanks to Mr. Bright,) a little for the better. Yet I am still liable to penalties amounting to £27. 5s. if I set a snare in one of my own fields, within less than four feet from my neighbour lord Galway's, or earl Fitzwilliam's, fence.

[h] See a report of the inquest on this poor woman, and some "Game *v.* Bilberry" cases in the Sheffield and Rotherham Independent for July, 1848.

[i] When did the british government interfere in the quarrels of foreign governments with their people, but with the intention of betraying the latter? Either we should have interfered effectually for the Sicilians, or not at all.

[j] If the foodtaxers in 1848 had Ninety Four Packs of

hounds, twenty packs of harriers, and four of stag hounds; and if we suppose the yearly cost of each pack, with that of the horses, grooms &c., to be only five thousand pounds; landlordism (in England alone,) expends on one of its amusements half a million a year, and consequently could afford to have that sum added to its land tax. But we are told there is something particularly manly in their favourite amusement, because it is an image of war, and barbarian necessities! Perhaps, however, the manliness is all sham. Perhaps, they do not hunt lions. And, perhaps, insolence is the soul of the amusement, and no sham. Perhaps, they are preservers of vermin. Perhaps, their vermin devour the farmer's poultry. Perhaps, the farmer could get paid for the poultry devoured. Perhaps, he has no wish to be ruined! Perhaps, the worthies, being neck-preservers, too, gap his fences. Perhaps, they poach his rising wheat. Perhaps, they horsewhip him! Perhaps, the horsewhipp'd is a freeholder. Perhaps, he has a pitchfork in his hand, but prefers a lawsuit. Perhaps, he wins his suit, and loses a hundred pounds, for the honour of having been horsewhipped by a palaced-pauper, or the ape of one. Perhaps, Raggabash imitates Ruffian, and gets up a hunt of his own—when the scene between him and justice requires a Hogarth to paint it! And, perhaps free trade (if we get, and can keep it,) will rid these perhapses, and the vermin, too. In the meantime, (for even the vilest must pass away,) behold our landlords as they are—palaced gipsies! mousing on six legs, and in the bosom of refinement; like rats in a cupboard, cherishing the worst habits of wild beasts!

[k] These words are, word for word, from the mouth of a real live farmer, of what Thomas Carlyle might call the Squire species. I met him a second time towards the close of December 1848, and found him in a state of vast glorification, Mr. Denison, a protectionist, having

gained his election for West Yorkshire. Remarking on the bad state of trade, he asked, What good freetrade had done? "It will be time enough," I answered, "to talk of the consequences of freetrade, when we get it. If the price of wheat to day were the average price, the duty would be 9s. per quarter!" But, said he, the ports will be open in February next. "Nearly three years ago," I answered, "we got a promise to that effect." If the ports are then open, said he, we will soon close them. "You had better not," I answered, "if lord Stanley was right, in his two hours' speech; for he showed that the cornlaws in thirty years had cost the nation three thousand millions, or more than twice as much as the land is worth." He gasped emptily. But when I added, "Perhaps, Sir, you think it is time the transfer were made?" the protected creature looked as if for the first time in his life a thought had visited him. If he had objected that the supposed loss to the public exceeded the rent, I could have replied that the cornlaws had enabled farmers as well as landlords to wallow in plunder!

The speech alluded to is the memorable one of lord Stanley, in opposition to Sir Robert Peel's bill for the repeal of the cornlaws. In this speech his lordship asserts, if I understand him, That the prosperity of the aristocracy and their colonial system, is founded on injustice; That they have a right to build on injustice, because they have always done so; and That they cannot stand on any other foundation! He contends that freetrade would reduce the price of agricultural produce more than one third on the nett; the fair deduction from which is, that—if the whole of the produce sells for three hundred millions a year—the cornlaws, in thirty years, have cost the people, three thousand millions! or more than twice as much as all the cultivated lands of Great Britain and Scotland would sell for

at twenty years' purchase if let for forty shillings per acre. Lest this should be thought incredible, I subjoin his lordship's speech entire. It is worthy of him. "Body o'me" was the consistent oath of Sancho Panza; but what a blunder it would have been, had he sworn by his soul.

"I feel, my lords, how much need I have of your indulgence, because I find myself unhappily on this occasion opposed, *impar congressus*, to all those who have been hitherto the leaders of both the great parties into which this House and the other House of Parliament have been divided. I will venture to appeal, from the authority of the statesmen of the present day, to all the great names among those who have been the most liberal commercial ministers of England in times not long gone past; I will appeal to the authority of Chatham, to the authority of Mr. Pitt, to the authority of Mr. Huskisson, and to those who first cast imperishable lustre on the names of Liverpool, of Canning, and of Grey. ('Hear, hear,' and great cheering.) As early as the time of Edward IV., I recollect a memorable preamble, one which might almost be applied to a statute of the present day: it recites, if I remember the words—'That, whereas the labourers and occupiers in husbandry be daily grievously endamaged by the bringing in, from foreign countries, of corn into this realm when the price of corn within this realm is low,' and the statute with that recital goes on to prohibit the importation of corn when the price here was 6s. 8d. per quarter. The same principle has guided the Legislature of this country from that day to the present, varied according to the circumstances of the country, varied according to the exigences of the times, varied according to the state of husbandry, and the state of our relations with foreign powers. There is not one nation in the world of any eminence that has ventured, up to

this hour, upon the bold and rash experiment upon which your lordships are invited to enter, of leaving the provision of the food of its people unrestrained by legislation, unprotected by fiscal regulation, and subject to mere chance, or worse than that—chance controllable and controlled by the caprice, the enmity, or the inability to supply, of foreign countries. I will not presume to doubt the sincerity of the conviction of my right hon. friend at the head of her Majesty's Government, that this measure was called for by a great exigency. But I think my right hon. friend fatally and unhappily mistook that emergency, that he mistook the public judgment, that he mistook the urgency of the position in which he was placed. I think he committed the error, the most fatal a statesman can commit,—I think he took the brawling torrent of agitation for the still, deep current of public opinion. (Loud cheers.) And it will not be the least unhappy consequence of this unhappy measure that this country and the world will believe—truly or falsely, justly or unjustly, I will not say—that a triumph has been gained by an organized and interested association over the Minister of the Crown (cheers), and that a still more fatal triumph has been gained by the Minister of the Crown, acting under the influence of that association, over his political supporters and the independence of Parliament. ('Hear, hear,' and loud cheering.) If the repeal of the corn-laws, in any mode or by any possibility, be calculated to relieve the famine in Ireland, supposing always the famine to exist—(hear)—it must be by bringing a large amount of corn into consumption at so low a price as to place it within the reach of the poorest and the most distressed of that starving population; but, if I am not much mistaken in the boast which her Majesty's Government make of the successful operation of the tariff, it is this:—that, while it is materially extending commerce, it

has not diminished, on the contrary, it has rather tended to raise, the price of the articles which have been subjected to its operation. (Hear.) Now, with gerard to the famine, I must beg to call his lordship's attention so far back as to the period of October and November last. When the Cabinet was called together in the close of October last, it was to consider what steps should be taken for the relief of Irish distress. I was of opinion then, and I continue of opinion now, that at the close of October the real state of the case with regard to the famine in Ireland was wholly unknown to the Government or to any one else. Further, I believed then, and I believe now, that never was a season in the history of Ireland when, so far from there being either famine or scarcity, there was so large a supply in the country of all descriptions of food for the consumption of the people. The evil to these people is not that corn is dear, or potatoes dear; corn never was dear; the price of corn, in spite of all that took place, never rose to any very high pitch. The state of distress and suffering to which these people are exposed, arises from this, that they have invested their labour, invested their all, in the cultivation of some small plot of ground, for which they pay a large rent, and, if the produce of that plot fails, their stock of provisions is gone, and, having no means of gaining employment, they have no prospect of obtaining money. When I was told that that temporary exigency was not to lead to a remedy commensurate in duration with the expected evil, but to be made the groundwork of suspending, for the purpose of not re-enacting, the cornlaw, I felt that I could not take that course consistently with my own feeling as an honourable man (cheers);—and that to make such a proposition to Parliament was leading those who were disposed to support us into a snare and a delusion. (Renewed cheers.) Your lordships are aware that the

discussions at the close of October terminated by an adjournment of the question. The question when the Cabinet met again was not different; but I confess it was with some surprise and no little disappointment that when the question was put to the Cabinet, not of an immediate issue of an order in Council, but of an early summoning of Parliament for the purpose of proposing a gradual abrogation of the cornlaw, I found myself alone in my opposition. I was compelled to tender the resignation of my office. Upon that the Government of Sir R. Peel was broken up. Your lordships are all aware of the circumstances which followed. We are called on to abandon the cornlaw of 1842. And why? In what respect has it failed? You aim, by a cornlaw, at independence of foreign supply, accompanied and produced by such an encouragement to your home-grower as shall guarantee him up to a certain point against foreign competition, and shall, beyond that point, protect the consumer against exorbitant and extravagantly high prices, protecting all parties against that which is most injurious to all—rapid and sudden fluctuations. Now, I say that, beyond any law which has ever been in force in this or any other country, the law of 1842 has accomplished these, its great and main objects. (Hear.) First, with regard to the provision of a home supply, I find, of wheat imported, the yearly average for the last 20 years amounts to 1,021,000 quarters; for the last three years, to 741,000 quarters; and in the course of the last year it was 308,000 quarters. Has this result, I would ask, been produced by any increased price of wheat at home? The average price of wheat for the last 20 years has been 57s. 4d. a quarter, whilst the average price for the last three years, since the cornlaw passed, has only been 50s. 9d., and the price last year, which we have been told was a period of great scarcity, was 50s. 10d. Since this cornlaw

passed, the fluctuation of price which has taken place between 1844 and 1846 is only from 58s. 4d. down to 45s. 2d., not 30 per cent. As far, then, as the experience of years has gone, no law in this or any other country has produced so great a steadiness of price, with cheapness, as the law of 1842, which your lordships are now called on to abandon. Look to the fluctuations in the price of potatoes. The price of potatoes varies from 100 to 150 per cent. in the course of a single year. (Hear.) Then, again, look at the price of upland cotton. No sliding-scale affects it, yet scarcely any fluctuations could compare with the price of upland cotton. In the different countries of Europe, at the commencement of the present year, there existed a great apprehension of scarcity, and measures were taken for their own protection and security. We trusted to the operation—the steady, quiet, certain operation—of our existing cornlaw. The self-acting operation of the cornlaw did not come into effect, and, because it did not, its authors said it was a sliding-scale that would not slide. (Hear, hear.) Of course it would not, and for this good reason—because there was not a deficiency in the country to increase the price. (Cheers.) By relying on the operation of the cornlaws, what was the result? In December last—in face of the difficulties in Europe, in face of the established prohibition of export—you had in bond, in waiting for an exigency that did not come, 1,106,000 quarters. (Cheers.) Will any man, then, tell me that the cornlaw has failed in the essential points of keeping us, in the main, independent of foreign supply, in securing cheapness and steadiness of price, and in providing for us an abundant foreign supply in case we should require to make up any deficiency in this country? (Cheers.) Will any man seriously contend that this great advantage resulting from the cornlaw has been purchased by the sacrifice

of commercial interests? The profits of trade, manufactures, and professions, have increased from £35,800,000 in 1814, to £64,344,000 in 1842, being an increase of no less than 84 per cent. against 16 per cent. increase in the value of land. (Hear.) Do nothing, for God's sake, to check the prosperity of manufactures, but do not be led by unwise legislation to promote and pamper an unwholesome increase, which, when the bubble bursts, involves all in serious evils. (Hear.) But, if it is certain that the increase and extension of manufactures are desirable, it is not clear to my mind that the repeal of the cornlaws would have the effect of increasing manufacturing industry. We are now called upon to legislate on the experience of the tariff. I find that, at a price of 55s., we had, as was expected, a very large importation of foreign corn. Now, at 55s. the duty is 15s. We may, therefore, fairly anticipate that, when the duty is taken off, we shall have a large importation of foreign corn at 40s. inundating our markets, and making 40s. a quarter pretty nearly the *maximum* price you can ever expect to realize. (Hear.) There are many districts of country on the Continent, larger perhaps than many of your lordships imagine, which might be devoted to the growth of corn. Look, for example, at the plains of Hungary. Your calumniated and ill-treated farmers can produce about 28 bushels to the acre. My objections to this measure, therefore, are not lessened, but rather aggravated, by the fact that you will not feel the injury it entails all at once, but that, gradually and progressively, the importation of a larger and larger amount of foreign supply will be encouraged by your legislation, and will by degrees drive out of cultivation a larger and larger amount of corn land in this country. (Hear.) But I may be told that more wheat will be consumed in this country because it will be cheaper. Wheat, however, is cheaper in Ireland than it is in England, and so it is

in Poland, but it is not within the reach of the poor people of either Ireland or Poland. Something has been said, my lords, about the difficulty of administering the Government, and of reconciling the conflicting claims of an ancient monarchy, a proud aristocracy, and a reformed House of Commons. Whatever difficulty there may be in administering a Government with, in the proper sense of the word, a proud aristocracy, if you substitute for that a pauper and dependent aristocracy, you break down one of the strongest bulwarks that remains between a limited monarchy and the democracy which is represented by the House of Commons. My lords, when I speak of the aristocracy, I speak of the great body of the landed proprietors of this country,—of those who do not possess great rank nor great wealth, but who, from generation to generation, have been the centres of their own communities, who have been identified with the old associations connected with their names, and who, exercising a modest and decent hospitality, preside over a tenantry who have hereditary claims upon their affections. These are the aristocracy of this country. Reduce these men to a lower position in the social scale, and you inflict an irreparable, an irretrievable loss upon the country at large. I say, therefore, that I should not be satisfied if I were to believe that the loss consequent upon the abolition of the cornlaws would fall mainly upon the landed proprietors of the country, but I am quite satisfied that nothing can be further from the truth. A loss of 10s. a quarter in the price of wheat will be equivalent to a loss of 40s. an acre, and although the loss would fall, no doubt, in the first instance, upon the rental, those who will ultimately suffer the most will be the tenant-farmers. We are told that we are to make up for the loss which we shall sustain by adopting the real principles of freetrade. You are to dismiss every useless and unprofitable hand.

Large farms are more profitable than small farms, therefore your small farms must be consolidated, and their tenants turned adrift to make room for a man of capital, a member of the Anti-Cornlaw League. I do not believe that, under the greatest difficulties which they may have to encounter, the landlords of England will adopt the cold, and selfish, and calculating doctrines of political economy. But, if this system is to be adopted in England, will any one dare to advise its being put in execution in Ireland! You propose to benefit Ireland by reducing the value of her exports in the proportion of £1,500,000 or £2,000,000 per annum. Lastly, I wish to call your lordships' attention to the effect which, not the repeal of the cornlaws, but the principles of free-trade, will produce on the colonies. Destroy this principle of protection, and I tell you from this place (hear), that you destroy the whole basis on which your colonial system rests. (Loud cheers.) If you do not know the value of colonies and of a colonial system, Napoleon Bonaparte knew it well. It is to that system we owe it that there is not a quarter of the world where the English flag does not float, and where the English language is not spoken; and wherever that flag waves, you will find men who feel pride in your glory, who sympathize in your views, and whose delight it is to feel that they are members of your great and imperial Zollverein. With regard to Canada, what have you done? You have induced her to impose a duty of 3s. a quarter on American corn coming into Canada; you encouraged her to undertake great public works, such as the improvement of the navigation of the St. Lawrence; and now you propose virtually to destroy that—to destroy the trade which you fostered, and encouraged, and established. Remove those differential duties, and the British shipping will no longer be employed bringing goods down the St. Lawrence, as these goods will be

carried through the United States; and I can assure your lordships that there are merchants in Montreal, who are now in anticipation of this measure, preparing, if it should pass, to set up their mercantile establishments in New York. A change in the cornlaws, which would diminish the price Canadian farmers can now obtain, would greatly affect the consumption of British manufactures in the province, which must depend on the means of the farmers to pay for them. We are told that the adoption of freetrade will be essentially to the advantage of the manufacturers of this country, who would then have the markets opened for them. I presume that, if you deprive the colonial produce of protection, you mean, of course, to repeal the act which compels your colonies to impose differential duties. (Hear, hear.) You cannot be guilty of the gross injustice of refusing that, in case you deprive colonial produce of protection. The question of protection is a mutual one, and freetrade should be mutual also. (Cheers.) One-third of your exports go to the colonies. You may hope, my lords, by this measure to put an end to agitation; but when, I ask, was an organized agitation put down by concessions that it extorted? (Hear, hear.) Believe me that a body thus organized, when it once tastes political power, will find the draught too sweet not to retain it. My lords, if, against your own opinions, you consent to pass this measure, be prepared to abdicate your high position in the constitution of this country. If you give up your own opinions under the intimidation of faction, or at the dictation of any Minister, however great that Minister may be, prepare hereafter to be considered as a subordinate part of the constitution. Prepare to be regarded as the registers of the edicts of the House of Commons, and as the blind followers of the Minister of the day. (Loud cheers.) And if, my lords, by the blessing of God on your en-

deavours, you should arrest the progress of this hasty and inconsiderate measure,—if you should give time for the intelligence of the country to act on the public mind, and you should happily be successful in bringing the people back to the wiser councils and too much despised wisdom of your ancestors,—then, indeed, you may well be a proud aristocracy—proud of having discharged the duties which the constitution has imposed upon you—proud of having discharged that duty unseduced by the allurements of power, and unintimidated by the clamour of agitation—proud of having rescued the country from a serious and hazardous experiment. The best reward, my lords, will be the consciousness that you have done your duty. You will have another —you will have that reward which will arise from the approval and the thanks of a grateful and admiring people, who will justly exclaim 'Thank God, we have a House of Lords!'" (The noble lord resumed his seat amidst loud cheers from the Protectionists, which lasted for some seconds.)

It is pleasant to see this "Rupert of Debate" bringing up the rear of the "breeched old ladies of longago," to form the van of a fight which has nothing of sense in it, unless Zantippe Rediviva is aware that the whole display is a sham, calculated to console our Miss Tom's of the Ashley species. I cannot, however, think of "these Kinglings and these paupers," and the insolent meanness of all their sayings and doings, without a pedicular sensation which transmutes contempt into loathing. If we could merely despise them; if they were entirely of the nature, or partook of the consistent dignity of the cockroach, or the beetle, or the bug; the thought of being fed on by them might be borne with some patience; but when we consider the quality of the vermin; and that creatures resembling them wrote Macbeth, built St. Paul's, and got killed by Act of

Parliament for inventing the steam-carriage; we feel that God in His image is insulted by their sayings, and their doings, and their presence.

[1] After much theory, and some practice, I venture to propose the measure of this sonnet as a pattern to english sonnetteers; for while, to me, the Petrarchan, in our language, is, at once, immelodious and inharmonious, the music of this, in its linked unity, is both sweet and various, and when closed by an alexandrine, majestic.

BALLADS.

BALLADS.

ONE OF THE HOMES,

A HEALTH OF TOWNS' BALLAD.

1.

The small boy, in his home of sighs,
As if he hated man,
Died, with rais'd hand, and open eyes,
Frowning at little Ann.
Then, died his bird: she wept, she sigh'd:
'Twas worn to skin and bone;
But whether it of famine died,
Or fever, is not known.
She wept, but not for John—and yet
She lov'd her brother well;
She wept—wept for his little pet!
But why she could not tell.
Where frown'd its friend, his bird she put
Within the coffin small;
But then the lid refus'd to shut!
She thought she heard him call!
The dead hand propp'd the coffin-lid,
Above the dreadful frown;
It would keep up! it would, and did;
The joiner screw'd it down.

And so, they slept in company;
The blighted feather'd flower,
And poor bud of humanity—
Both blighted in one hour.
Farewell, thou old street-shunning lane,
Where John whole hours would stay,
When welcomed flowers came back again,
To welcome rainbow'd May!
Flowers which by name he once could call!
For he, with childish pride,
Had kept, at home, a funeral
Of flowers, that weekly died.
His father, who lov'd wild flowers, too,
Had taught the child their names,
Though, with a florist's pride, he grew
Outlandish flowers, in frames.
Where lay the father on the floor,
Was laid the coffin small;
The mother lay behind the door,
So, there were four in all;
The blasted, black, once beauteous thorn,
That never more would grow;
The rose, once sweet as dewy morn;
The blighted bud of woe;
And, happiest there of all, the bird
That ne'er saw God's bless'd sun,
Or growing flower; ne'er saw, or heard,
Tree wave, or river run.

The rats peep'd out behind the door,
And loth they seem'd to go;
The rats jump'd down beneath the floor,
Into the sewer below.
Men rais'd, in haste, the coffins three,
In fearful haste were they:
Ann, famish'd, follow'd gloomily,
And heard the parson pray.
Grey-hair'd he was, a grey-hair'd youth,
Kind, humble, just, and wise;
He look'd on wo-worn toil and truth
With pity's tearful eyes;
For he, a poor man's friendless son,
Once suffer'd long distress,
And hard up-hill his way had won
To honour'd usefulness.
His gown'd back to the wind he turn'd,
And wav'd the holy book:
On corpses three, by one child mourn'd,
He look'd, with solemn look:
Behind him far, two youths well clad
Stood mute, with ladies two:
Before him gasp'd the bann'd and bad,
A poor death-daring crew:
One feebly clasp'd a dying child,
Sobbing; another said,
"Thank God for Plague!" and darkly smil'd:
A third said, "God is dead!"

Their famine grinn'd—What could it less?
Their sadness wore a frown;
Their "loop'd and window'd raggedness"
Blasphem'd the parson's gown.
But when that grey-hair'd pastor spoke,
Their prostrate hearts arose,
And trembling hope, like starlight, broke
On each despairer's woes:
"In life," he said, "we are in death,
Through death to life we rise:
In fear man draws his fleeting breath,
In sorrow lives and dies:
We come like shadows—and are gone;
Dust are we, dust to be;
Until this mortal hath put on
Its immortality."

DEVIL BYRON.

A BALLAD.*

The queerest queer thing that men have prais'd,
Since Adam and Eve went bare,
Is the ghost that Ebenezer rais'd
Of a hunted chaise and pair.

---

* I had the facts on which this ballad is founded from Luke Adams, an old forgeman, who had worked many

1.

A strange man own'd yon Abbey once,
Men call'd him Devil Byron;
Yet he a sister had who lov'd
Well that man of iron.

years, when young, in a small Charcoal Bloomery near Newstead Abbey; but I have not adhered strictly to his narrative. The words uttered by the lady were "Speak to me, my lord! Do speak to me, my lord!" uttering which words, she was often seen on horseback, accompanying her brother in his drives. The character which Luke Adams gave me of the old lord of Newstead, differs from the received and accredited one. He seems to have been rather a kind man. His rich neighbours sneered at him, because he was poor, and hated him because the poor loved him. Never was it said of Devil Byron, that he prosecuted any one for killing God's hares; but Chaworth was a strict game-preserver. The duel, however, was not caused by disputes about game alone. Chaworth was in the habit of calling Byron "A poor little lord!" his lordship being not only poor, but of low stature. My informant was himself a character. It is still told of him, that when he became too old to work, and retired to a quiet place, there to live on his club-money, (which he received from two or three clubs,) he could not sleep out of the sound of the Masbro' forge-hammer! He lost his sight, at last, but still found his way to my house on the Saturdays, when he knew my boys were not at school, bringing gingerbread for them; and was never satisfied till they took it out of his pocket—a smile passing over his rough face, as he felt the touch of their hands.

2.

And well he lov'd that sister—Love
Is strong in rugged bosoms;
Ev'n as the barren-seeming bough
Oft' hoards richest blossoms.

3.

Yet from his heart, when she espous'd
A peasant, he dismiss'd her;
And thenceforth Devil Byron spoke
Never, to his sister.

4.

Therefore, whene'er he drove abroad,
She chas'd the Man of iron,
Rode by his wheels, and riding cried,
"Speak to me, Lord Byron!"

5.

Thus, at his chariot's side, she pray'd;
For was he not her brother?
"Do speak to me, my lord!" she said;
Was he not her brother?

6.

Her quivering hand, her voice, her looks,
Might wring soft speech from iron;
But he speaks not!—her heart will break:
He is Devil Byron.

7.

Yet down his cheeks tears shoot, like hail;
Then, speak, thou Angel's brother!
Why struggle, in thy burning soul
Wordless fire to smother?

8.

Oh, Power is cruel!—Wilful Man!
Why kill thy helpless sister?
Relent! repent! already, lo,
Beauteous blight hath kiss'd her!

9.

Men say, a spectre with thee walks,
And will not from thee sever;
A shadow—not, alas, thy own!
Pointing at thee ever.

10.

Oh, think of Chaworth rashly slain,
And wrath, too late repenting!
Think of the kiss men give the dead!
Vainly, then, relenting.

11.

Think of thy sister's mother's grave;
Think of your days of childhood—
The little hands in fondness join'd,
Wandering through the wild-wood.

12

The hedgerose, then, was not so fair
As she, in gladness ranging;
Now, sorrowful as beautiful!
Chang'd, and sadly changing!

13.

The wither'd hand, the failing voice,
Mov'd they the Man of iron?
The live rose took the dead one's hue:
God, forgive thee, Byron!

14.

As rainbow fades, she perish'd. Then,
How fared the stubborn-hearted?
With her, the wrong'd and lost, he liv'd—
Never to be parted.

15.

The Abbot's garden well he liked,
But there a shape was sighing;
There, in each pale, reproachful flower,
Sinless love seem'd dying.

16.

The bird that on the belfry wail'd,
It all her tones did borrow;
The shadows in his banquet-hall
Wore her brow of sorrow.

17.

Where'er he went, she with him went—
Alas, thou stubborn-hearted!
The grey old Abbey's gloom did groan,
"Life and Death, be parted!"

18.

He wish'd, but did not pray, for death—
Pray, pray, thou Heart of iron!
Dying he heard her heart's last pray'r,
"Speak to me, Lord Byron!"

19.

Dying, he saw her dying face;
And as with poison'd lashes,
Its look'd forgiveness, its slow smile,
Smote him—He is ashes.

20.

Well sleep the dead: in holy ground
Well sleeps the Heart of iron:
The worm that pares his sister's cheek,
What cares it for Byron?

21.

Yet when her night of death comes round,
They ride and drive together,
And ever when they drive and ride,
Wilful is the weather.

22.

On mighty winds, in spectre coach,
Fast speeds the Heart of iron;
On spectre-steed, the spectre-dame—
Side by side with Byron.

23.

The winds they blow rain, sleet, and snow,
To welcome Devil Byron;
Through sleet and snow the hail doth go,
Ripp'd—like shot of iron.

24.

A star? 'Tis gone. The moon? How fast
She hurries through wild weather!
The coach and steed chase moon and star,
Lost and seen together.

25.

"Halloo!"—The slain hath left his grave!
He knows thee, Heart of iron!
And with a laugh that dafts hellfire,
Hails thy sister, Byron!

26.

Which is most sad of saddest things?
The laughter? or the weeping?
Laughs Chaworth, while her Feast of Sighs
Love-in-Death is keeping?

27.

Thou ghastly thing! thou mockery
Of life, and human doings!
With flame-like eyes, on shadows fix'd!
Shadows which are ruins!

28.

Thou see'st but sadness in her smile,
And pity in her sadness,
And in her slander'd innocence
Pain, that once was gladness.

29.

And canst thou—while Night groans—do less
Than weep for injur'd woman?
Man! is thy manhood manliness?
Is she not a woman?

30.

Oh, Night doth love her! oh, the clouds
They do her form environ!
The lightning weeps—it hears her sob,
"Speak to me, Lord Byron!"

31.

On winds, on clouds, they ride, they drive—
Oh, hark, thou Heart of iron!
The thunder whispers mournfully,
"Speak to her, Lord Byron!"

32.

My God! thy judgments dreadful are
When thought its vengeance wreaketh,
And mute reproach is agony:
Now, thy thunder speaketh!

33.

He doth not speak! he cannot speak;
Then, break, thou Heart of iron!
It cannot break! it cannot break!
I can weep for Byron.

34.

The uttered word is oft' a sin,
Its stain oft' everlasting;
But, oh, that saddest unsaid word;
Its dumb guilt is blasting!

35.

Eternity, the ever young
Hath, with fix'd hand, recorded
The speechless deed unspeakable;
Ne'er to be unworded!

36.

Oh, write it, then, "in weeping blood,"
Ye purified and thwarted!
Oh, House of Brokenheartedness!
Spare the broken hearted.

37.

Tell not the fallen that he fell,
The foil'd that there are winners,
If He, whose name is Purity,
Died, to ransom sinners.

38.

No, spare the wronger and the wrong'd,
Oh, ye, who wrongs inherit!
"A wounded spirit who can bear?"
Soothe, the erring spirit!

39.

He, earning least, and taking most,
May love the wrong in blindness,
Not needing less, but all the more,
Pity, help, and kindness.

TOM AND BET,

A TEMPERANCE BALLAD.*

1.

Sing, milkwhite Muse, who water pure
Drink'st from the living well!
Sing cant and poison'd gin, on earth;
In heav'n, tee-total; maniac mirth,
And fire for drink, in hell.

* The idea of writing this poem arose in my mind soon after I had looked on the corpse of poor Tom, in his home of desolation. What a home! I know not

2.

Devout and wet Tom Bragg and Bet
Left Shields for Sheffield town,
Where long in Scotland-street they dwelt,
Brawl'd, fuddled, fought, held forth, and knelt
With canters of renown.

3.

He, loth and late, to tippling took;
And if his Bet had been
A mere gin-swilling termagant,
He might, though noos'd to brawl and cant,
Some pleasant days have seen.

4.

For both won praise from fools and rogues;
They both could scrawl their cross;
Both thought they hated books and schools;
Both follow'd cunning's good old rules,
Like Bentinck and Chandos.

why I have not been able to treat the subject as I wished. The natural goodness of the man, his hopeless patience, his long struggle with evil, his determination to seem tranquil though he could not be happy, and his devotional habit, which (at least, as a formalist,) sustained him to the last, deserved, I feel, a memorial of an opposite character. Yet my seeming levity on this solemn occasion will find an excuse even with the ultra serious, if they think, with me, that drunkenness is the resource of those who have no other, and that the slaves of appetite and passion are unfitted for happiness in any state of existence.

5.

But though all sugar to all else,
  Whate'er her mood or whim,
A punctual curse and misery,
A living gizzard-grater she
  Had ever been to him.

6.

"Beautiful once, though pale, she was;"
  So praiseful Tom oft' said:
Oh, lily, much thy fate I rue!
What poison mingled with the dew
  That turn'd thy paleness red?

7.

Oft', oft' in tears, her foes allow,
  She mourn'd her willing fall,
And wish'd to mend—for she was proud;
As if a sad and hopeless cloud
  Its rainbow would recall!

8.

Drunk was she never! yet most drunk
  From sunday morn till night!
She wax'd in spirit that day through;
And turn'd, ere noon, her inside blue
  With gin, and cordial light.

9.

And still, the more she drank, the more
She curs'd poor Tom in pray'r,
And sought the Lord! because she found,
When Tom brought home his weekly pound,
A fiery presence there.

10.

But when the weekly pound was spent,
(For credit they had none,)
Her dear tee-total pledge she kept,
And dryly for short-comings wept,
Till long dry days were gone.

11.

"Some wives had sober husbands!" sobb'd
The all-wrong'd sufferer:
"Her doom was want! she toil'd for nought,
She had no children! her sot brought
Nothing but shame to her!"

12.

Musical as Apollo's lyre
Was Betty in her drink;
So eloquently musical
That she, at last, from Tom took all
Wise power to act or think.

13.

From heav'n, earth's death-freed cuckholds stoop'd
To hear her tuneful tongue;
They seem'd, while listening in sweet pain,
To live their married days again,
And feel their horns grow young.

14.

But to the saintliest them among
Her tones did represent
Psalm tunes, once heard on earth with pride;
Ruins of music! sanctified
By heav'n's pure element.

15.

One night, saint Wittol heard her pray,
And, cursing, pray so well,
That up he hook'd the shrew to heav'n;
Whereat, his sides with laughter riven,
Poor Tom went post to hell.

16.

Farthest apart are heav'n and hell,
And much he Bet abhor'd;
A cord he sought, a cord he found;
But having once been wedlock-bound,
Why try another cord?

17.

Farthest from heav'n deep hell may be,
The fact I'll not gainsay;
Farthest from her, he thought, was best;
So, daz'd with drink, and lack of rest,
He took the shortest way.

18.

But then th' Elysian Cuckholdry
Were struck with envy dumb;
For they could see their wives in hell
Mixing for Tom, with shout and yell,
A quart of gin and rum.

19.

Grim, o'er them smil'd the Lord of drams,
Old Satan. And he snuff'd
Up his hot nose hell's red-hot dust;
Save when black flames, with hideous gust,
Through short black pipe he puff'd.

20.

But when Tom gaz'd toward the drink,
The black pipe he withdrew
From his black gab, and with fierce greed,
Chaw'd a black-burning stenchful weed,
That in hell's black fire grew.

21.

Then, gave they to glad Tom the drink,
With shouts and shrieks of mirth:
In every voice, wet Bet he heard!
And swill'd till reeling hell appear'd
Like sabbath-night on earth.

22.

And well it might. For he beheld
Bet's leer in every hag's!
And winking Satan's hook'd blue nose,
Whene'er he snuffled, fell and rose
Exactly like Bet Bragg's!

23.

In thousand thousand forms once fair,
His loath'd and lost he met,
Glooming on him, with eyes so dull!
And faces, still how beautiful,
Grinn'd round him! like wet Bet.

24.

This ap'd her laughter, that her whine,
Her "bottle-swagger" some;
And all danc'd, sang, and brawl'd their best,
Resolv'd that their too lucky guest
Should find himself at home.

25.

Ruins of Beauty! terrible
And sad, and all like Bet!
Well might he gasp, when face to face,
Though sever'd wide by doom and space,
The death-disparted met!

26.

In circling dance, they welcomed him
To hell and glad Old Nick,
Pledging his gin and rum in cups
That glimmer'd through their downs and ups,
Like symbals flashing thick.

27.

"All Bets!" he said. But all drank fire,
Nor deem'd they did amiss;
Of fire, not gin, blue draughts they took!
Therefore pray'd Tom, "Saint Wittol, hook
Me up to Bet in bliss."

28.

"Nay," said the Saint. Nor would he send
Wet Bet to Tom below;
Though when she saw his lifted quart
Of rum and gin, with bursting heart
She sobb'd her wish to go.

29.

Alas, th' Elysian Cuckholdry
Nor hollands sipp'd nor rum!
To them no widow, wife, or maid,
Ev'n in Elysium, sweetly said,
Or look'd, or beckon'd, "Come!"

30.

But from the hour when Tom and Bet
On earth gave up the ghost,
They there were miss'd by young and old;
While pious souls, who liquors sold,
Did mourn and miss them most.

31.

And thenceforth pothous'd Scotland-street
(Well-chapel'd, too, 'tis told,)
Seem'd calmer—sadden'd, as with thought;
And less like hell! though less devote
Than e'er it was of old.

32.

It is a street where coves are nurs'd
To be by jury tried;
For coves, on earth, shall never fail!
Therefore, we finish them in jail;
And Law is satisfied.

33.

Thus, when Sir Smug a beetle spies,
"A pill-box bring," sighs he;
The box is brought, the rogue put in:
"Poor thing, to hurt it were a sin!"
And Smug smiles dreadfully.

34.

Yet there, thus pray'd a wretch, whose nose
(Once white and small,) had been
Turn'd big and blue by years of drink;
Then, by tee-total, green and pink;
And then, by famine, green.

35.

"Lord! grant to poor o'er-labour'd man
More leisure, and less pray'r;
More church, less priest—and homes for inns!
More libraries, and fewer sins;
More music, and less care!*

* Yes, "More Music." Not small allotments and a Father Mathew'd people, ignorant, and contented with potatoes, but when potatoes fail, cutting throats, and destroying soup kitchens. No, my lords Ashley and Manners! no, Messrs. D'Israeli, Froth, and Fashionable! a coat of a different cut,—and with a man in it!—if you please.

36.

And when the tardy sabbath dawns,
Bid townsmen leave behind
The goldfinch, smother'd on his perch,
Gin-shop and chapel, jail and church,
And drink the mountain wind.*

37.

Or teach the artisan to seek
Some village House of pray'r,
And kneel, (an apparition pale,
Amid the rustics red and hale,)
And humbly worship there.

38.

Or bid him (in the temple, built
By Skill Divine for all,)

* Do I, then, mean that churches and chapels in towns should be deserted? No, let the rich attend them; for they can breathe fresh air when they please, which the poor can only breathe on the "Poor Man's Day." But if thirteen men can be carried by rail one mile for a penny, (or, perhaps, for a halfpenny, as I am informed by one of the learned in such matters,) "why not build churches and chapels at every railway station, and convert those in towns to secular uses?" That thirteen men may be so carried, is plain from the fact "that a ton of goods, though requiring, perhaps, to be warehoused, and certainly to be lifted into and out of the carriages, can be carried one mile for a penny, or less."

Expound to pallid listeners near,
While rose-cheek'd pilgrims stop to hear,
The words of Christ or Paul.

39.

Oh, for the lightning's path, the wing
Of steam or fire, to bear
Tir'd men to Edens yet on earth,
Where mind may have its second birth,
And hope baptize despair!

40.

There, in lone shelter'd dales, amid
Their patriarchal trees,
Beneath the skylark's quivering wing,
Let parents, sons, and daughters sing
Great Handel's harmonies.

41.

Then, to the dome of boundless blue,
O'er-roofing sea and land,
Triumphant hope and faith will rise;
And with the anthems of the skies
Mingle their anthem grand.*

* But why may not our protestant churches, small and large, become temples of beauty? The Highest Beauty will not refuse to his worshippers another Michel Angelo or Raphael, another Handel or Mozart, if for them be found worthy employment.

42.

And sinners sav'd shall weep again
For sins repented long,
And broken-hearted, though forgiv'n,
Repeat in music-hallow'd heav'n
Earth's spirit-warbled song."*

THE GIPSY,

AN OLD LEGEND MODERNIZED.

John Fowler, I owe you a tale or a song,
I've remain'd, I confess it, your debtor too long;
So, painting in verse and rude saxon a scene
Where oft' with the bard of the rabble you've been,
I daub on the landscape a figure or two,
Not portraits from life, but ideally true,
And humbly inscribe the poor picture to you.

---

* There is no object, how ugly soever, to which it may not be desirable, at sometime, to solicit attention; and this poem is an attempt, not to idealize the hideous into beauty, but to realize the beauty of hideousness; for I hold that every object in nature has its poetical aspect; and, perhaps, Crabbe, better than any other poet, could have painted that aspect in repulsive objects, had he chosen to do so.

1.

Said horse-swapping Jem, with his hat on his lap,
While his bull-bitch sate listening near,
"Was ever yet seen by a Stannington-Chap *
A contrast like this I see here?
With Susan, my cousin, just four feet by two,
Here 's a gipsy as tall as a stee: †
I guess, she is telling my fortune to Sue;
And, I guess, we know what it will be."

2.

With his legs on the turf, o'er his hat and his knees,
Behind the bare brambles he bent,
While Rivilin sang to the palm-waving breeze, ‡
A sweet ancient song about new-budded trees,
As townward together the stream and the breeze
Through regions of loveliness went;
And he gaz'd, squatting low in the old birken wood, §
On the marble-fac'd prophetess brown,

* Stannington is a village near Sheffield.

† Stee is the Yorkshire name for Ladder.

‡ Rivilin is one of the rivers of Hallamshire, near Sheffield, where the blossoms of the willow are call'd palms.

§ The venerable wood here alluded to was destroyed in the year 1837, to win a bit of wretched land, at twice the cost of its value. One of its old trees bore an uncouth likeness to three snakes twisted together, with their heads on the ground, and their tails in the air. With more pain than pleasure, I saw, about a year ago, in the Stove of the Sheffield Botanical Gardens, fragments of this tree.

Whose eyes flash'd black venom where stately she
stood,
In her grey cloak and long sallow gown;*
With her slightly arch'd nose, her smooth brow
finely spread,
Her chin, sharply chisel'd and bold
Under lips of firm beauty. Her face and her head
Formed an oval of darkness and gold.
Her hair was like horsehair, when glossy it lies
On the strong stallion's neck, where the fledg'd
linnet flies;
And her black felted hat, suiting well with her size,
Was a crown on the head of a queen;
But 'twas strange! when he look'd on her face
and wild eyes,
Her eyes only seem'd to be seen.

3.

"What faults," said the giantess, lifting her brow
While a smile lit her loveliness grim,
"What faults hath John Mathews, thy husband,
that thou
Would'st swap him for horse-swapping Jem?"

4.

"I can't bear the sight of the flimsy old fool,"
Black with rage, childless Susan replied,

* For a chapter on gipsies, see William Howitt's Rural Life in England, which has furnished me with some particulars of this description.

"While he bends o'er his books, like a sack on a stool,
Fill'd with lumbering learning and pride.
Is it my fault, or his with his tea-water blood,
(In a Maltster a fault seldom seen,)
That I'm talk'd of in scorn, under bonnet and hood,
Wherever big bellies convene?
The lawyers want hanging. What right have old men
To marry fair maids of eighteen?
But he wheez'd, when he courted me, like a pipp'd hen,
Such maggot's meat never was seen.
This day is his birthday; he's fifty or more;
How strong the chang'd villain appears!
Oh, never was damsel so cheated before!
And his folly grows green with his years.
Of original sin, and the fruits of the fall,
I hate the vile picture he paints:
He hardly believes in the Devil at all!
Then how can he trust in the saints?
He pays to a Bookclub—When, when will it break?
Its infidels fill me with fear!—
He wastes in a newspaper fourpence a week,
And in music five shillings a year.
For what did I marry? The Wigtwizzle land
Will go, when he dies, to Jem's Nan!

His little gets less, like an us'd clew of band;
I have neither won money nor man.
The corn which he buys, goes as fast as it comes;
He malts it, and sells it on trust;
His customers schedule, while he sucks his thumbs,
And thrive, while I pine on a crust.
Every rogue knows Old Clever, whom babies deceive;
He gets all, to risk all again!
Oh, he 'll make his old will, when he 's nothing to leave!
I may knit, but industry is vain.
And he reads, aye, and writes, when his day's work is done,
Bent double beside the great pan,
While my cousin swaps horses, or fettles his gun,*
Or fights in the fair—like a man."

5.

"A hard case indeed!"—in her ear-rings of gold,
Blue-kerchief'd beneath hat and chin,
Said the black-stocking'd sorner; and then slowly told
Her charm of deep cunning and sin:

* Fettled is an old Saxon word, signifying Prepared. Thus, the Fettlers in an ironfoundry are Preparers of the article for market.

"Thy husband bewitch'd, shall, feet foremost, be borne
To Bradfield, where slumber his sires,
If thou, after tea, before ten in the morn,
Wilt visit thy cousin, Jem Squires;
And—nipping the thumb of his crippled left hand
With the finger and thumb of thy right,
Say, 'Coffins mean Weddings! and, Jem, understand
That Morning still follows the Night!'
But if thou, in him, ere the summer be o'er,
A true loving husband would'st find,
Before thou go forth, let thy tyrant, once more,
Hear a bit of thy long-troubled mind:
And no one shall ask thee 'What did'st thou? or Why?'
Nor shalt thou be scared or ashamed;
For ends may be rul'd by the planets on high,
And no honest woman be blamed."

6.

She said, and away, with a spring in her feet,
(Erect, bony-ankled, and strong,)
Departed, through gorse, blooming golden and sweet,
While the lark sang his evening song.
Jem laugh'd, but not loudly. How joyfully fast
Through the wood of moss'd birches went Sue!

And both reach'd their homes, ere the setting sun cast
Bright gold on the cloud that from Stannington pass'd,
And purple o'er Rivilin blue.

7.

All night, she lay sleepless—or dreaming, all night,
That a coffin a wedding implies!—
John dream'd he had lost her! and wept with delight;
But he wak'd, and saw rage in her eyes!
With her hands on her hips, clad already, she seem'd
Prepar'd, and determin'd for strife;
For John was bewitch'd! and by all he was deem'd
The plague of his plague of a wife.
"Young wives and old husbands shall never agree,"
Sigh'd Susan, repenting too late;
"One side of a ladder is hardly a stee,"
Sigh'd John, as he turn'd from his mate.
Poor Henpeck! to please her all vainly he tried;
For though quite an angel was she,
He could not have pleas'd her, unless he had died,
And no such intention had he.
A spell was upon him—Yes, do what he might,
His virtues were manifest crimes;
He always did wrong, and she always did right!
As she'd told him, some hundreds of times.

8.

Bright, bright shone the morning, when breakfast was done;
But Sally, the maid, look'd with fear
On Susan's broad face, that grew black in the sun—
A sign that a tempest was near.
The thrush sang without, where the gorse and the broom
Wore their gold, near the overshot mill;
And the birch was in bud, and the larch was in bloom,
Beside the old farm on the hill;
But, within, nought was heard save the sad undergrowl
Of Susan, that lady of grief,
While John turn'd his back on the wife of his soul,
Pretending to read, and be deaf;
Yet watching the storm, which he well knew would come,
And lifting his left ear in pain,
As he chuck'd the crack'd seal, with his finger and thumb,
On the ring of his copper watch-chain;
Or fast in his book turn'd the pages, unread;
Or twisted its bit of red tape;
Or pull'd to and fro the brown wig on his head,
With its tail doubled up in his cape.

Slow rising, at length—like Sir Graham in place,
Or a broad-bottom'd Image of Fate;
She stood—like Resolve, sworn to steal a watch-case,
Or like a thick "pillar of state;"
But soon on the floor stump'd her short flabby legs,
Her broad face seem'd broader to grow,
And then, as she spoke, she revolv'd on her pegs,
Like a tub on one end turning slow.

9.

"Now, Learned Old Fellow! I'll state thy true case:
Oh, what a wrong'd woman am I!
I'll leave thee, I'll get a good housekeeper's place—
And do something else by and bye.
This comes of your printing, and new-fangl'd schools;
I'm driv'n from thy board, and thy bed;
But if thou art wise, let me live with the fools,
For they know how to butter their bread.
Oh, if I'd an income, a home of my own!
I'd ne'er look again on thy face;
But my wrongs, Mister Intellect! all shall be known
When I've got a good housekeeper's place.
Then, bless'd with thy absence, and snug as a mouse,

I'll pick with a friend a dry bone;
For thy famous tup shins shall ne'er enter our house,
Though I can't turn thee out of thy own.
I read thee, Old Dog, and old Cain on thy brow!
My pearls are but thrown unto swine:
A pattern for servants to copy art thou;
What manners, Old Beggar, are thine!
Thy brothers were beggars—Thou Son of Old Spite!
Will the brother of fools say, I lie?
Thy parish-paid aunt was a thread-bare Old Fright;
Thy father was blind of an eye;
Thy uncle's lean niece had a face like a fish;
Her husband gave bail for two thieves;
Thy cousin, blue Snob, was sold up, spoon and dish;
Did he die in a shirt without sleeves?
Thy sisters, they—Oh, not a breath can I fetch!
Dog! my breathing—my breathing's so bad!—
But it's well there's a madhouse, thou raving Old Wretch!
Sarah! Sarah! the Fellow's gone mad!"

10.

But John kept his temper: "Do leave us, Dear Sue!
For I've long been the plague of thy life:
Besides, I and Sally without thee can do;
And Jem is in want of a wife."

11.

"Agreed!" with a shout answer'd Susan; and soon
She complied with despot's desire;
For she roll'd out of door, like a lady balloon,
Or a puncheon of brandy on fire.
Bright red was her gown, green and yellow her shawl,
Betassell'd and fring'd to the knee;
And a cloak of flower'd purple she flung over all;
Oh, a regular tulip was she!
Beneath her umbrella-like bonnet, put on
With a town-knowing twitch of much grace,
She seem'd like two fat tapster's-wives, join'd in one,
And netted together with lace.
In front, like a star, her broad quarters between,
Shone her clasp of rais'd silver on steel;
And she holds in one hand, that her wealth may be seen,
Her boa and tippet of seal;
While the other, muff'd richly, and cushion'd from cold,
She waves, like a fan, as she goes,
Both to show her gold watch, round her waist chain'd in gold,
And cool the hot blood in her nose.
And fast through the croft, where the crab blossom'd white,

Scattering snow to the bilberry brake ;
Fast by the old stones, with grey lichens and light
Speckled o'er, like the back of a snake ;
Fast down the steep hill, through the wild wizard wood,
Fast over the river she hied ;
Then, climb'd to the nook, where her cousin's house stood,
And met there—Himself and his Bride !
A chaise at the gate, and a postboy she found ;
At their ribands she could not but stare,
When he open'd the door, threw the steps to the ground—
And out came the new-married pair !
For Jem (Shabby Fellow !) had wedded his maid !
Oh, Prophetess, deep was thy guile !
And vulgar he look'd in his breeches of plaid,
When, thus, spake the bride, with a smile :
" Good Susan, we ask not, What dost thou ? or why ?
Nor are we afraid or ashamed ;
For ends may be rul'd by the planets on high,
And no honest woman be blamed."

12.

" Did Sal stop the clock, from past five until seven ?"
Said Jem, with the look of a lamb ;

"By my wife's lever-watch it is now near eleven;
There 's treachery, certain I am."

13.

For the first time in life Susan redden'd with shame,
And out rush'd the bull-bitch, to see!
But, broad as a cask, o'er the bitch roll'd the dame;
Oh, a sadly chang'd lady was she!
In dirt lay the tulip, red, purple, and green,
With its stripes of bright yellow so fine!
And truly she said, "I'm not fit to be seen,"
While vainly Jem press'd her to dine.

14.

Back, down the long bank, full of wisdom, she went:
Let none on that name cast a slur!
She could not conceive what the vile gipsy meant,
By supposing that Jem would suit her!
He rode like a clown, in his coat or his cloak,
And she loath'd his vile breeches of plaid:
If he brought her tobacco, (she did sometimes smoke,)
It was always in brandy o'erpaid.
A nasty, colloquing, conspiring, lame cheat,
One-handed, left-legg'd, and pig-ey'd!
She'd not cross her door sich a fellow to meet,
Nor stand in the road by his side.

She always knew well what his tendencies were;
Oh, his tastes were all grov'ling and base!
And he might be a bastard! she'd scorn to appear
Where a trull, like his wife, show'd her face.
"Would I condescend," said the dignified dame,
"To touch sich a minx with the tongs?
I better know how to preserve a good name,
And what to good breeding belongs.
A coarse tasteless tassel—a cheat, and no witch—
What a vile tawdry dress she has on!
But she 'll keep his accounts—she can write; if he 's rich,
They 'll shine, till his money is gone;
And when it is gone, he will rightly have learn'd
What ladies who scribble can do;
And wish all the books, but the bible, were burn'd,
And their readers, (or one of them,) too.
I would not be spiteful, but; God mend them both!
It 's the worst wish I wish them, I'm sure:
He 's a good-for-nought, bandy-shank'd blackguard and sloth,
And she quite as pretty as pure.
I wish her no harm, with her blushes of brass;
But she may have six twins in three years,
And corrupt every farantly neighbour she has,
Setting them and their wives by the ears.

Poor Gudgeon! he 's hook'd—by a child-bearing
Pouse!
But sluts are best married to rakes:
May their pigs get the itch! and smoke stifle
his house!
And her oven spoil all that it bakes!"

15.

But now she drew nigh to the river again,
And the wood of moss'd birches so old;
While black over Stanage, with hail and with rain,
A tempest of April was roll'd:
Right and left, like a shaft-broken arrow of doom,
Unheard, its red lightning was sent;
And, Up! the broad curtain of fire-lifted gloom,
From the summit, at intervals went:
Like many-tail'd snakes, with their heads on the
ground,
And their many tails pendent in air,
In skeleton grimness, the ag'd trees around,
From the region of storms, and its black western
mound,
Lean'd motionless, silent, and bare;
But her heart heard no voice, when the damp
hollow wind
Through their dry branches drearily moan'd;
Nor felt she his touch, when it wetted each rind,
And the fast-coming thunder-cloud groan'd.

Like steel which (worm-red, and not glowing
with flame,)
In water skill'd artisans dip,
Each big drop of rain seem'd to hiss as it came,
And smoke on her hot under-lip:
More black grew her choler, more gloomy the skies;
Then, a blast shook the old wizard wood—
Where, lo! the tall gipsy, with night in her eyes,
In the glare of the lightning-flash stood;
With night in her eyes, and the torrid sun's fire;
With power in her mien and her form;
Beautiful wildly—Like Love soothing Ire;
Or light, on the clouds of the storm;
Or Knowledge, all calmly preparing the fall
Of the crime-honour'd throne of the sword;
Or Goodness, declaring through one unto all,
That the Father of all is the Lord.
As a poplar in summer, when gently the breeze
Wakes its twiglets, with whisperings sweet,
Amid the grey trunks of the hoar forest trees
Looks down on a flower at its feet;
So, a sable-hair'd child, with his eyes rais'd to hers,
And his rose-lips half open to speak,
And the bronze of the bloom of the rich mountain
furze
Turning brown on his soft yellow cheek;
A child—her own miniature self—by the hand
She held, looking down on his smile,

With a fulness of love, that no heart could withstand,
Save the heart of low cunning and guile.
For in her deep love there was sorrow as deep;
Ev'n there, on the spot where she stood,
(When the vale in October's dim mist lay asleep,
And the moon only watch'd o'er the wood,)
All silent, with none to assist or annoy,
And in anguish too mighty for tears,
She had buried a daughter—the twin of the boy
That made her acquainted with fears;
And while on the soul in his visage she gaz'd,
She saw, in her heart, the last look
Of her lost second-born, with her wild eyes uprais'd,
As her flight to the angels she took.
But Susan saw nought in that beautiful child
A kin to her own barren heart;
No trust could his aspect, so trustfully wild,
To her all-doubting bosom impart;
She found in the might of the mother's dark face
Only dark indications of crime;
No grandeur, nor beauty! nor greatness, nor grace,
In her action serene and sublime.
She knew not that Love plants with roses the wind,
And builds on the seas as they roll;

That the waifs of the world can be gentle and kind,*
And the homeless find home in the soul;
But kept the true faith, in her maxims, deriv'd
From progenitors growing in grace,
And bred in-and-in, with the hornets they hiv'd,
Till perfection was stamp'd on their race.

16.

"Did I stop thy clock, from past five until seven?"
Said the gipsy, with ill-suppress'd laugh;
"By Ecclesfield chimes it is long past eleven:
Thou 'rt too late, by an hour and a half."

* When Retribution, in the shape of the great Mahomedan invasion, overtook the oppressors of India, to the casteless Sudra or Pariah privation and pain were familiar; and he fled to far countries, and the enjoyment of homeless liberty, carrying with him his gods, the affections, that never die: but his victimizers, the aristocrats—to whom privation and houseless pain were not familiar, remained; to be trampled on by their conquerors. Those critics who know "that the waifs of the world can be gentle and kind," will understand the moral which in this poem I have wished to deduce; and if in attempting to join the humorous and the beautiful I have again fail'd, they will allow that there is nothing in the subject itself which renders the attempt impracticable; for in nature (as in Shakspeare,) the humorous and the beautiful, like sorrow and joy, are found side by side.

17.

"The Snake!" Susan cried, "there she hisses in scorn;
The Pickpurse! she stole my crown-piece;
The Rascal! I'll watch her; she means, I'll be sworn,
To steal Tommy Somerset's geese.
For who can be safe, when plain folks are ashamed
To sign for their names with a cross?
Our thieves, like Jem's Nan, for book-learning are famed;
And learn'd is yon rogue, to my loss!
No gipsy is she, but a thief from the town,
Where she borrow'd her books, as she borrow'd her gown.
But yonder's my John! he is waiting, I see,
To welcome his glove of soft silk:
Ev'n fools know the worth of a good wife, like me!
So, I'll hasten—and skim him his milk."*

18.

Then, she puff'd up the hill, to the home of her love;
And there a strange scene was display'd;
For John the bewitch'd, though expecting his dove,
Sate at dinner, with Sarah, his maid,

* So that, after all, we may doubt whether the newest substitution in matrimonial tactics, that of arsenic for magic, is an improvement on the old practice.

In the neat pannell'd parlour, where Jem us'd to dine,
When he call'd on his way from the shows:
He was sipping Jem's cordial, the dame's brandied wine,
When Sarah in terror arose,
And in came meek Susan! who said not a word,
But threw her soil'd shawl o'er a chair;
Then, courteously smil'd on her fear-feigning lord,
And honour'd her maid with a stare.
A hot roasted fowl on the table was plac'd;
So, feeling of hunger the stings,
She took Sarah's chair, and to show her good taste,
Help'd herself to the breast and both wings.
But in token of peace, both the sidebones for John,
From under the straddle she carv'd;
And gave him both drumsticks, when both thighs were gone,
To feed the fat hen he had starv'd;
For Susan, transform'd by a spirit of power,
Seem'd meek as a storm-cloud at rest;
And John the Bewitch'd, Unbewitch'd from that hour,
Was of maltsters and mortals the best!
He spoke not, but placidly welcom'd the change
Which Time, "that brings roses," had brought;
Nor tardy was she to give evidence strange

That in her was a miracle wrought.
Lo, when she had din'd, to the garden she went,
Where she cull'd the first lilac of Spring,
The prize-polyanthus, with violets blent,
And primroses—tied in a string;
And plac'd them—and laugh'd—on the cloth of pale blue,
In a vase, sprigg'd with gold on dead white;
For all that is lovely and tasteful, she knew,
Fill'd his weak childish heart with delight.
Sweet Flowers, how they smil'd through the thunder's bright tears,
On the maltster, self-scourg'd, though belied,
Who shook, in sly glee, the brown wig of his years,
With the gipsy-chang'd dame at his side:
"Young wives and old husbands may sometimes agree,"
Said John, shaking hands with his mate;
"A lobsided ladder's a sort of a stee,"
Thought Susan, instructed, though late;
While the Father of Love, from the brightening west,
Where Loxley and Rivilin rise,
Cast down on their waters, awake or at rest,
And on John's placid smile, and on Susan's fond breast,
The soul-soothing blue of his eyes;

And the redbreast peep'd in from the moss'd window-sill,
Where he sang in the sunshiny rain,
Till the thunder-rent cloud, o'er the rough eastern hill,
Retiring in wrath, that spake thunder-toned still,
Left Stanage, serene as his Maker's high will,
In sunshine and glory again;
Proclaiming afar, in the silence of light,
His love of the lovely, the might of his might;
Proclaiming afar, that the Beautiful lives
With the good and the wise, in His Temple of Mind,
Still making life's strength of the peace that he gives
To the hearts of the gentle, the thoughtful, the kind.

EPISTLE.

Since Ellen Rendall deigns to say,
"Write me a poem!" I obey.
Weeds in exchange for flowers, I send;
For the best letter ever penn'd,
The best bad rhymes I can compose—
Not strength in beauty, like thy prose;
Oh, not the wealth of feeling fine
Enriching every phrase of thine,

The fresh fruit of a sad heart's truth,
Flush'd over with the bloom of youth!
Rhym'd words I write, and fain would write
A poem, with a poet's might.
  But I am bow'd with years;
  And cares, that shed no tears,
Bend me towards my kindred dust.
When sorrows come, because they must,
With lips of ice, and looks of clay,
To turn the spirit's tresses grey;
Can stooping age (though fain he would,)
Write earnest thoughts in "weeping blood,"
And o'er his winter spread the glow
Of warm June's dewy roses? No.
Who to the rain-cloud can restore
The bow that "vanish'd in the storm?"
The quench'd heart's fires return no more!
But what I can I will perform.
Long ere I read a thought of thine,
I plann'd a lay, call'd Etheline;
A lay that oft, in hope and joy,
I may have ponder'd when a boy.
Feebly commenc'd, and idly cast
Aside, to be redeem'd at last,
A thousand lines the song will end;
A hundred are already penn'd.
Lady! I will inscribe to thee
A tale of Love and Jealousy,

And old, old times—when life was young,
And wisdom taught what passion sung.
Thou, Ellen, thou shalt be my Muse!
Power not his own the bard shall use;
Thy young soul's beauty, wisdom, truth,
Shall wake in me a dream of youth;
As when a stripling, (skill'd to fling
The glory of a seraph's wing
O'er all the woful gloom and strife
That dully checquer human life,)
Placing, with careless grace and ease,
The time-worn Harp before his knees,
O'er funeral Autumn's pensive flowers
A shower of splinter'd sunbeams showers,
And charms the haunted region round
With ecstasies of sight and sound;
Or, in the soul its thunder waking,
Kindles within the heart that's breaking
Fire, born of darkness that weeps fire,
And thoughts that turn men pale,
Bidding the fallen still aspire,
Though still to fail;
And like the Adwick of my strain,
Each doom'd Prometheus smile at pain;
Or, school'd his dire reward to meet,
Die with sad pride, as Cæsar died
At imag'd Pompey's feet.

ETHELINE.

" Elyot the harper, would not worke ;
But at the great feast of King Murke
Sung the warst lay that ever was :
' Out of my sight, thou droning ass ! '
Cried Murke, and to his feet upstarted :
Whereat mine ancestor departed." *

* Morte d'Arthur.

PREFACE.

The subject of this poem is the doom of a female child; a subject less heroic, doubtless, than the quarrel of two soldiers about a female slave. It is the first part of "Eth-Kon-Tel," a story in three parts, each containing four books; each part, as a story, complete in itself; and the three parts, like the trilogies of Eschylus and Schiller, forming one narrative. Thus, "Wallenstien's Camp," "the Piccolomini," and "the Death of Wallenstien," constitute one Play, which might properly have been called "Wallenstien, a Drama in Three Acts."

It may be doubted whether a few supposed incidents in the history of a dead Religion, can form a proper subject for an Epic poem. British history, we are told, furnishes no such subject, and that, if it did, such a work is impossible. But if they who tell us this will find another Homer, I will find a subject worthy of him in the second invasion of Britain by the Romans. Few historic names

are written more indelibly on our hearts than those of Caractacus and Togodumnus, sons of Cundbelin. Boadicea, too! was not she somebody? Venutius unmistakeably was; and in his queen Cartismandua, the betrayer of Caractacus, (given an artist able to draw another Clytemnestra, or lady Macbeth,) we have a personage worthy of the terrible in heroic song. Why, then, did I not choose that subject? I am no Homer, and my choice corresponds with my powers.

A suggestion has been made to me, that a principal character in my unbated Epic, cannot, without some explanation, be understood. I admit, at once, that the character, or incident, which in a work of art requires explaining, cannot, in art, be tolerated. We know that a madman may believe himself to be the Almighty. But the question is this—Could the madman Adwick, in the circumstances supposed, have used the terms, and expressed the ideas attributed to him? The religion of the ancient Britons was heathenism, with the doctrine of the transmigration of souls superadded; and some of the ideas expressed by Adwick are heathen precepts; others, from the Old Testament, are supposed to have been communicated to him by the father of the heroine, and to have become, if I may so speak, a part of his individuality. The persecution which he had

endured, implies that he was of noble nature and superior intellect; and though necessarily unlettered, (if all were so,) he must be understood to have been learned in all the learning of the priesthood, who assuredly did not rule mankind by monopolizing ignorance. Originating in a civilization which was probably the parent of that of Egypt, the religion of the Britons, many centuries before the christian era, must have retained some traces of its intellectual origin; and philosophy, I think, will allow that a mixture of braminical, pagan, and Jewish doctrines, in the mind of an impulsive and solitary individual who had been persecuted to madness, would in any circumstances find expression; though perhaps, not in the abstract terms which the necessities of verse have compelled me to select. Whether insane persons (they not being moral agents,) are properly admissible as actors or sufferers in fictitious narrative, is another question, and one which has perhaps received a conclusive answer in the Lear of Shakspere.

This poem was commenced some years ago, and in resuming the composition of it, I was strongly tempted to employ the Spenserian stanza, the best of our measures, with the exception of blank verse; but I had begun with the measure used; and I succeeded, at last, in persuading

myself that it can be pronounced with less effort than any other, and that in it more easily, clearly, and eloquently than in any other, I could express my thoughts and feelings. Without being at all new, and while allowing me to avail myself of the double endings which so seldom occur in english rhyme, it comprises in its structure, with the fatally facile octosyllabic line of Scott, lines of three, four, five, six, and seven syllables; and gives the writer (who need not use any of them,) all the advantages of our ballad line of fourteen syllables, our inevitably halved alexandrine, and our five-feet iambic; enabling him to avoid the great disadvantage of the latter, which, even when written by a master of the art of versification, can seldom be read aloud, without overtasking the breath of the reader; a disadvantage overcome in our days by Hunt in his couplet, Wordsworth in his blank verse—and his imitator as a blank versist, Byron; with two or three others, of whom I may particularize the author of Philip Van Artevelt. After all that can be said for it, the measure chosen is doubtless very inferior, even in variety and melody, and certainly in harmony, to the far-famed and elaborate Spenserian; of the great narrative power of which we have triumphant proof in Wordsworth's Female Vagrant; but so difficult is it to tell a tale well in

english rhyme, that he who can lessen the difficulty is not unworthy of praise.

"With a slight change of names and things," I am told by an excellent friendly critic, "the characters, incidents, and sentiments of this poem, would be found marvellously modern." And why not? In exculpation of this supposed modernness, I must beg leave to quote a few more words from the same lady-friend. "A true tale," she says, "could, with slight adjustment, be made true to any times. The virtues, the strengths, the desire of knowledge, power, and wisdom, are the I AM of all times; and there must have been in far-off barbarous ages grand mental and moral elements, which would now and then peer out on the world —stars of exceeding brightness, not always to be extinguished, but sometimes enlightening after-poets and sages; for as the transitory part of our being is founded on mortality, so must the deathless have an immortal parentage." True. Our eyes have seen the Handel, and the Mozart, but their music was of old, ere death was. If, then, in attempting a hymn to our best affections, my notes partake in any degree of the eternal melodies, I cannot have failed altogether, although I may not have reached the primitive expression. And who is to gauge the depths of individual superiority? or limit, or estimate, the conceptions

of the Shakspere or Newton, the Raphael or ruleless Stevenson of eldest Time—the splendid but unrecorded Sassacus or Miantonimoh of the letterless desert—who, in the language of his adoring subject savages, "was all god"?*

* Holmes's American Annals.

ETHELINE.

Book I.

Dear Ellen Rendall! seers have said
That of his realm of giant oak,
O'er valley, plain, and mountain spread *
Ere echo mock'd the woodman's stroke,
Barbarian man the temple made,
Where first Religion kneel'd and pray'd;
The green cathedral of the soul
Whose god was in the thunder's roll.
'Twas finely thought, and sagely, too;
The beautiful is ever true.
But I the temple dread would paint
Where primal fraud was terror's saint.
Thou Ellen, thy young grace and truth,
May wake in me a dream of youth,
But cannot sweep the mist away
From hoar tradition's dateless day;
And if no scene can now be found
Which fancy might deem haunted ground,

* I am informed by a person learned in such matters, that the valley of Conisbro near Doncaster was once a lake of considerable extent.

How shall the Muse of bed-rid age
Construct for Eld a hermitage,
Where he may bend dejected o'er
Old dust, whose history no man tells,
And homes of glory now no more?
His old eyes full of doubt, and dim
With grief! his old beard jagg'd and torn,
And hung with weeping icicles!
The only old tree mocking him!
The old rocks laughing him to scorn!
Add the old skies (with tears, at morn,
Implor'd some little grace to show him,)
Looking as if they did not know him!

1.

The west wind, gusting boldly,
From Cadeby's falls sent far
The roar of Don and Dar,
Flooding with watery howl and groan,
Their wild abyss of riven stone.
After a day of rain,
The setting sun shone coldly,
Like one who smiles in pain,
O'er woods that seem'd to floor the sky
With ocean-like profundity;
And on the lake's dark grey and blue
The oaken towers of Konig threw
A red and shatter'd glare.
'Twas then, that, in despair,

A woman young and fair
Pac'd the black water's eastern shore,
And on her woful bosom bore
Her child, asleep.
She could not weep ;
The " countless laughter " of the lake,*
Like mockery on her senses brake,
Because her heart was broken.
She would have spoken
Her deathful thought,
But in her throat
The strangled utterance died.
She knew not that she tried in vain,
With trembling lips, to speak her pain ;
Nor knew that, screen'd by willows grey,
Beneath her, in its little bay,
Sat giant Adwick in his boat,
With lifted oars—prepar'd to pay
A visit long delay'd.
In silent pray'r, she pray'd ;

* See a book called "A Monopolygraph, by Samuel Gower of Holmfirth," full of noble poetry and sound criticism. I refer particularly to his translation of the Prometheus Bound. The line copied by me will be found in the following passage :

Prometheus, (solus,)
Oh, thou divine and boundless atmosphere !
And you, ye swift-wing'd winds of heav'n, and thou,
Oh, countless laughter of the salt sea waves !

Then, looking, wildly looking
On Konig's tower—nor longer brooking
His cruelty and pride—
Sprang over boat and willows
Into the billows.
Close to her breast the child was press'd.
And down she went; but rose, at length,
Relenting, and with desperate strength
Cried, "Save lord Konig's child!" then, drank
The wave, and sank.

2.

She sank—the baby floated,
As if its life was boated.
Swift Adwick soon the struggler caught,
And almost touch'd the mother's hair,
The sinking face of her despair.
He plac'd the infant in the boat;
Then, from its stooping side,
Plung'd deep beneath the tide;
Rose, dived, and rose, to dive in vain;
Yet liv'd to see that face again!
Recovering soon his rocking boat,
He sate awhile in painful thought:
"Another victim! women run
To Konig's lord, to be undone.
If man may tempt them, Konig can;
Ay, Konig is your woman's man."

Gently he laid upon his knee
The frighted child, and wept to see
Its helpless loveliness;
Yet felt he not the less
The promptings of an inward snake,
To hate it for its father's sake.
"I'll plague yon false betroth'd of mine;"
(Grimly he spoke, and grimly smil'd,)
"I'll take the babe to Etheline;
She loves the sire?—why not the child?"

3.

Beside the grave, where evermore,
Unknell'd, uncoffin'd, not unwept,
Her widow'd mother slept,
Beneath the copse of willows hoar,
With dwarf ash mix'd, and crab, and sloe,
And brambles for the gadding vine;
Close to the deep lake's western shore,
In restless mood, walk'd to and fro
The orphan Etheline.
Lone daughter of a wizard sire,
(So, by her policy deceived,
Men eagerly believ'd,)
Fear'd was her power, and widely known:
Her spells could rule the thunder-stone,
That floods the heavens with fire;
Her glance strike dead the secret foe
Who but in thought might work her woe.

A bow-shot from the roughen'd wave,
Not ten yards from the copse and grave,
Back'd westward by the boundless wood,
Her moss'd and log-built cabin stood;
And still beneath the copse she went,
And enter'd oft the tenement,
But could not there abide.
She feign'd much wonder—"Why no more
Came Adwick then, as heretofore,
To lonely Waterside?"
(Such was the name her dwelling bore,)
And sometimes blush'd, (but not with shame,)
For neither he nor Konig came.
"Not that she car'd for Konig. Why
Should lowly maiden look so high?
Besides, of love he never spoke;
Though oft' he came, 'twas but to joke;
And still he came, to go in haste;
And weeks, since last he came, had pass'd.
Then, why should Adwick knit his brow?
Was Adwick jealous? Jealous! No;
She'd scorn him, if he could be so."

4.

The stormy west was scowling,
And wolves, far off, were howling.
The starv'd she-fox, from Ravensly,
Yelp'd o'er oak-waving Denaby.

Deep in the wath of Addersmarsh,
The bittern strain'd her trumpet harsh.
The mast-fed boar had crunch'd his fill.
Beneath the blast, increasing still,
The ash-twigs snapp'd, aloft in air:
Their fall disturb'd the drowsy bear,
And every falling leaf the hare.
"The coming night is glooming,"
She said; "the night is coming;
The direness of the bittern's booming
Foretels a night of moan and groan—
Here to be pass'd by one so lone!
The night is coming."
What saw she westward of the grove?
What look'd she north to see?
A boat approaching? Did it move?
It mov'd, it pass'd the wizard's tree;
"He comes!" she said, "'tis he."

5.

In haste, she strew'd her cottage floor
With rushes, to the open door;
Arrang'd the hearth, rous'd up the fire;
Swept both her stools, and dress'd them both
In covers of outlandish cloth,
The work of mind-rais'd men and times;
Brought by her grandsire's father's sire,
(A merchant, known in many climes,)

From Greece, his mother's grave.
And that lone maid remember'd well
Traditions (which she lov'd to tell,)
Of old Judea's sacred sod,
The altar of the living God;
Of lands where written speech was known;
And of her ancestor, the bard
Renown'd, and to be famous long,
Who many pains and dangers dar'd,
And sang (where heroes thought in stone,
And men were wise as brave,)
The earliest written song.
Unletter'd, not unwise, was he
Whom now their daughter sate to see;
An outlaw, learn'd in mystic lore,
The worship of his sires of yore.
How tardy seem'd his coming! "Hark!
He moors," she said, "his little bark;"
And while she spoke, he stood before
The seated maiden's open door:
At once, homed sadness left her eye,
Or feign'd a wond'rous levity;
As if a flower had long'd to die,
And wak'd to laughter suddenly.

6.

"What! come at last?" she said, and laugh'd,
Each word a seeming-spiteful shaft;

"Be seated, for I ne'er again
Expected here my truant swain."

7.

Then, Adwick told, in mournful tone,
(While on her lap he laid
The rescu'd infant, still afraid,)
How, crossing o'er the lake,
He sav'd from death the little one;
"And well," said he, "I knew,
If aught on earth were true,
That thou would'st love it—for my sake."

8.

"A pretty tale, no doubt, I hear;
But why," she said, with look austere,
"Must I my rival's bantling rear?"

9.

"Nay," he replied, "no rival fear;
For who its mother,
Whether it sister have or brother,
I nothing know; but this foretell,"
(And as he spoke his rais'd brow fell,)
"That thou wilt love the baby well."

10.

"Hence with ye both!" she said, and frown'd,
And almost wish'd her lover drown'd.
But then the child
Look'd up and smil'd,

Gazing on her with Konig's eyes:
"Oh, leave her here! I'll take the child!"
She cried, betray'd by her surprise;
Then, feasted on its father's eyes
Of deep, deep, darkest blue.

11.

Passion! thou to thyself art true,
And well dost all thou hast to do.
Adwick beheld the sweet surprise
With which she gaz'd on Konig's eyes,
In that poor infant's face.
He did not fail to trace
His rival's image there!
With fiery scowl
He stamp'd it on his soul.
With sullen stare,
He saw her kiss the foundling fair;
And in the blood of deathless pain,
Painted that picture on his brain.

12.

She knew not what a change had come
O'er Adwick's mind and heart;
A cloud of grief and ire,
Thence never to depart;
A sorrow worse than dungeon-gloom,
Or blackness of the coffin'd tomb;
The tortur'd sleep, that ever wakes;
A memory made of knotted snakes;

With fire, for blood, in every vein,
And cold, that burns like fire.
The outlaw's heart was turn'd to stone;
His all was gone.

13.

But ere he thence departed,
She rais'd her head, and started
His stricken form to see,
Stiff in its agony.
How like a pallid monument,
The work of skill omnipotent,
With cheeks of rock, and tresses rent,
And forest-brows, o'er paleness bent,
He stood, in silence pale!
Or redden'd, like the crimson glow
Of stormy morn o'er Stumperlow;
Or Kinder, when, far seen, he stands,
With lightnings flashing from his hands,
Unheard, through rain and hail!
And pity wrote, in sorrow's book,
The story of his parting look.
Silent, he sought his restless boat,
And vanish'd, like a dreadful thought:
Oh, hope destroy'd is man's undoing!
Heav'n, save his mind from total ruin!
Flinging from rapid oars the light,
He tilted through the glooming night,

And reach'd the cave (his living grave,
And homeless home,) which ne'er again
Shall know a joy unmix'd with pain,
Though still around its door uncouth,
The woodbine of the sunny south,
Brought by the sires of Etheline
From regions of the cluster'd vine,
Shall hang its fragrant-finger'd flowers,
To lure the bee from forest-bowers;
And, rock-thron'd near, one vastest elm
(Knot-wristed monarch of a realm
All forest, cloud, and wave,)
Spread o'er its lawn his sky of shade,
Where ship-brought foeman never stray'd.
Unseen, lord Konig, hidden nigh,
Beheld him pass. "Wolves have their caves,
The chieftain said, "and there are graves
For men whose kindred thrive;
But here 's a cave that is a grave,
Where lives the dead alive."
With restless foot, and seeking eye,
Impatiently, impatiently,
He waited near the shore
For one whom he
Again shall see,
But to his heart clasp never more.
"The clouds," he said, "are gone to bed;
How their dark chamber overhead.

Rocks! Will she come to-night?
The wakeful hare hath rous'd the bear;
The wild pig grunts, the pack'd wolf hunts;
She will not come to-night."

14.

He said, and vanish'd—not unheard,
As near huge Adwick's cave he pass'd,
And took his homeward way;
How like the climber of the blast,
The noiseless-wing'd, night-haunting bird,
That, hunger-stung, and balk'd of prey,
Flaps, in vext flight, the forest grey!

15.

"That was not the rous'd bear's tread,"
Frenzied Adwick, listening, said;
"Nor the pack'd wolf's crowding rush;
Nor my dreaming runlet's gush;
Nor my night-dirge, in the bush;
Nor my cloud-song overhead.
Worse than wolf oft' watcheth here;
Worse than wolf inhabits near."

16.

No limner was there, at his side,
To paint his lip of grief and pride,
The strife, where mind with madness strove;
The war of misery and love;
And check the pencil'd hand in fear,
Starting, these wilder words to hear.

17.

"If I bid blind darkness sing
Hymns of brightness;
If I wield the thunder's wing,
Plum'd with brightness;
Shall my mercy fail to smite
Evil will?
Shall my justice fail to kill
Evil might?"

18.

Mad, yet conscious of his madness,
Long he paus'd—then spoke in sadness:
"Ere the eyes of midnight beam'd;
Ere red morning's banner stream'd;
Ere the sun began his race;
Silence, and the grave of death,
Were my throne and dwelling-place;
Yet I draw an outlaw's breath!
Can I make the desert's tree
Beautiful, and all for me?
Or, to soothe another's woes,
Out of nothing bring the rose?
Yet—all shunn'd, and hom'd with pain,—
Vainly love, and wildly fear,
Vainly heave unceasing sighs,
And from beauteous woman's eyes
Vainly bid a pitying tear
Drop, to cool my burning brain!"

19.

Then, weeping, started he,
And spake aloud to vacancy:
"Here again, thou King of Pain?
Me, thy God, dost thou defy?
Mocking still, thou strong in ill,
Sneerest thou, Mine Enemy?
Nought art thou, if not my slave.
Yet thou biggen'st, like the grave
To the sentenc'd felon's fears,
When the ghastly verge he nears!
Slave and Rebel! dost thou frown?
Dost thou threaten? Thou dost well:
I will dash thine altars down,
Shake thee from thy horrid throne,
Stamp thee back to hell.
But what beauteous form and face
Fold'st thou in thy vast embrace?
Let me look upon the face
Folded in thy dread embrace:
Oh, those locks—those lips of snow,
Eyes of death, and cheeks of woe,
Freeze me into stone!"

20.

But, soon, his grief was lost in ire,
That purpled his worn cheek.
Clench'd were his hands, his lips compress'd.
A life of wrongs groan'd in his breast,

Eager, in deeds, to speak;
Like conflagration, smouldering long
Ere flames the strength that mocks the strong,
When up the red Niagara raves,
And rafters swim on fiery waves,
And night glares red o'er burning graves,
And streets of roofs expire.

Book II.

Go, Ellen, visit Conisbro
When gusty Autumn's wildest day
To the grey ruin's age and woe
Shall wild and fitting homage pay.
Then shall his shadow in the sun
Make stormy sunshine doubly fair;
Beneath shall wail the flooded Dun;
And Music's Muse shall meet thee there.
Start not Eliza's form to see
That castled mound's brown shades among;
But bless the dead maid's melody,
Nor marvel if "her speech is song."
To die is but to put off sin,
As morn puts off night's vapour foul;
The dead are learners, who begin
To sing the music of the soul.
They teach the born-in-heav'n to feel
How angel-voic'd are human woes;

And tempt the heav'nly-born to steal
From earth, the smile of sorrow's rose.
Oh, beautiful in tears, to them
Who know not grief, that flower may seem,
Reflected on its thorny stem,
In mortal life's impassion'd stream!

1.

Lone darkness lit her lamps on high,
Star waking star o'er all the sky;
And Mercy from his throne divine
Watch'd over sleeping Etheline.
She slept, and with her slept
The baby on her breast.
Sleeping, she wept
In dreams, for Adwick—and his woes;
(Oh, if she lov'd another,
So sister loveth brother!)
And not from bless'd repose,
But sorrowful unrest,
She wak'd, to hear, around her ringing,
Sounds, sweet as of an angel singing,
When, thus, a voice like woman's sung,
With more than music on her tongue.

2.

"Under the willow tree
All that can die of me
Perishing lies;

There, in green water-brakes
Royally—water-snakes
Feast on my eyes.
Then, if thou lov'st him, too;
If I to him am true,
Laid with the dead;
If—as the true should be—
Telma is lov'd by thee,
In her cold bed;
If all our acts are seeds—
If good and evil deeds
Never can die;
If what thou oft' hast told
Me of the prophets old,
Was not a lie;
If the god-written speech
Shall to the nations teach
Life undeprav'd;
If, sunk in sin and night,
Worlds shall rejoice in light,
By a child sav'd;
If sinless might is thine—
Motherless Etheline,
Cherish my child!
Orphan'd one, Lonely one,
Pity my only one,
Mother my child!

Though born to singleness,
Thou must live husbandless,
Why live alone ?
She can secure to thee
Wifehood's virginity ;
Make her thy own !
She can preserve the soul,
She keep the conscience whole ;
Mother her well !
Him her pure love may save
Ev'n from the spirit's grave ;
Snatch'd from deep hell !
Me, all my sins forgiv'n,
He may uplift to heav'n,
Wing'd at his side ;
Cherubim, seraphim,
Singing, to welcome him
Home, with his bride."

3.

The wild song ceas'd ; and with a scream,
Uprais'd in bed, the maiden said,
" Could she be here ? I do not dream.
Where art thou ? thou who sung'st so well !
My Telma ! Friend, lov'd long and well !
Answer me !
Oh, Beautiful and Terrible !
Answer me !

Why hast thou absent been so long ?
I know, my envy did thee wrong ;
But I have miss'd thee, yearn'd for thee.
Belov'd and Dreadful ! let me see
Thy visage pale ! and tell to me
Thy dreadful tale."

4.

No voice replies. Nor form, nor face,
In glittering twilight, can she trace.
In vain, she seeks repose ;
In vain, her eyelids close :
Sleepless, she tosses, till the grey
Of morning brightens into day.

5.

Day follows day, and Etheline
Is happier than a bride ;
Still nursing little Telmarine
At lonely Waterside.
Them madness guards, and watches well,
With vigilance invincible ;
And he may yet on man depend,
Whom madness watches, as a friend.

6.

Week follows week ; and unseen hands
For Etheline wild berries bring,
Pure water from the living spring,
And fire-wood from the shore ;

Kind whisperings reach her listening ear;
Unseen, a kind shape near her stands;
And friendly feet are wandering near,
Though Konig comes no more.
Yet Adwick loves not Telmarine!
Her sire is lov'd by Etheline,
And Adwick hates that sire!
The man is mad. A cruel thought,
And half-form'd dark intentions float
Within his brain of fire.
The wretch is mad—oppress'd—revil'd:
God! will he kill the rescu'd child?

7.

But Konig comes to Waterside!
He seeks, at length, lost Telma there;
And saith, (his calmness is despair,)
"The lost may with her rival bide;
For after anger, love is sweet;
And friends long-parted long to meet."
The self-caught trapper rues the hour
When first he tried his cruel power
(Oh, heartless deed!) to undermine
The virgin name of Etheline,
And do an orphan wrong.
His shaft is shot, and ill it sped;
For she loves him, and he the dead!
Defeated is the strong.

Lo, at her cottage-door they stand!
She deeply mov'd,
Yet coldly meeting her belov'd;
He, with feign'd gladness, courteously
Pressing her small unoffer'd hand;
And watching on the shadow'd sand,
His form of loftiest majesty.
The scarcely-welcom'd welcome guest
Enters her home, with heart depress'd;
Around he pries, with cunning eyes,
But finds not what he seeks;
Then, pausing, speaks.

8.

"Daughter of merchant strangers! thou
Endanger'd art, and lonely now.
Within a bow-shot of my tower,
I have a shelter'd plot and bower;
There dwell thou safe, my queen and guest;
This I, who might command, request.
For who seeks now thy dwelling lonely?
Fish-eating, hare-fed Adwick only—
A head-long, blaze-brain'd, wisdom-troubling
Fool, with new good old evils doubling;
And thou, by shielding that doom'd man,
Incurr'st the King-Priest's deadly ban.
Well saith the saw of ancient date,
'The empty friend devours his mate:'
Shun, then, th' accurs'd, or share his fate.

Is it because his savag'd brow
Darkens a rebel's lip below,
While sun-tann'd hide, and storm-comb'd hair,
(Fit raiment both, for wolf and bear,)
Clothe broadest breast, and largest limb,
That maidens run such risks for him ?"

9.

He said, and from his forehead fair
Strok'd back dark locks of glossy hair,
Smiling in scorn. She wrongly deem'd
That he was tranquil as he seem'd,
And, cautious, answer'd—boastfully
Feigning a false security :
" If we have caus'd his many sorrows,
Shall I hate him who suffers for us ?
My father lov'd the outcast man
Whom priest and priestling therefore ban,
For well they know that Adwick knows
How vain are all their shams and shows !
But though the power that awes ev'n thee
Might well appal a maid like me,
I go not hence, Sir. Who will dare
To storm th' enchantress in her lair ?
Wierd daughter of a wizard sire,
Can I not flood the heav'ns with fire ?
And slay, far off, the covert foe
Who but in thought might work me woe ?

Nor force nor fraud of man I fear;
Nor, Konig, am I lonely here."

10.

"Not lonely here?" confus'd, he said;
And from his lip its colour fled,
When, at her feet, he saw a child,
The little foundling, Telmarine.
With Telma's smile, on him it smil'd,
With Telma's locks of raven hue,
And upturn'd eyes of darkest blue.
Confus'd, he nam'd its mother's name!
While pale, as death's cold brow, became
The cheek of Etheline.

11.

"Telma!" he said; nor waited long
Ere seem'd at once to come and go
The shadow of a shape of woe,
(Like the last look of kindness sent
From dying eyes, it came and went,)
And, thus, a voice replied in song:
"Oh, Konig, if the living knew,
What death-freed spirits only know,
That none are happy, but the true;
Wert thou like moonlight on the snow,
Or dew on lilies—bright and pure;
Oh, if thy soul were anchor'd sure—
Not on thy gods of death and strife,

Fierce Jove, arm'd Pallas, fiery Mars,
(Nor on glad Orus, and the stars,
Or Jareeha, hurrying white
Behind the troubled gloom of night,)
But on the Lord of Love and Life;
Thou would'st not need to hear it said,
That bless'd are they who love the dead.
Who that hath lov'd, as truth doth love,
Lov'd only once, and lost his love,
But in his heart of hearts hath said,
"Safe is the love that loves the dead?"
Then, Come! our marriage-feast is spread;
Celestial guests enquire for thee;
Sweet is the love that loves the dead!
And angels wait for thee and me:
Be happy yet! espouse the dead:
Safe is the love that loves the dead!
Oh, well is he who weds the dead!"

12.

When ceas'd that voice "whose speech was song."
Still Konig fondly listen'd long.
"Thou art not here?" at length, he cried,
"Thou trouble-tried, and purified!
Thy voice I heard, but where art thou?
Oh, let me see thee! see thee now!
Yet, ere this fever'd dream is o'er,
Let me embrace thee!—once, once more!"

13.

Then, said the voice "whose speech was song,"
"If thou would'st see me yet again
Where human weakness dwells with pain,
Go, follow him, whose eyes of hate
Have watch'd thee early, watch'd thee late,
And been thy watchers long.
He comes, in frenzied passion strong:
I see his dreadful scowl:
If ought on earth is sad or foul,
Behold it—in a ruin'd soul!
Look on the havock thou hast made!
On Adwick look! destroy'd, betray'd!
Thou did'st not smite him with thy hand;
The smitten might such blow withstand:
Behold him—Lost! in spirit blind!
Thy guilty heart hath slain his mind."

14.

Lo, while he listen'd, Adwick came!
Bare were his limbs, his breast was bare.
Blue, glitter'd through his matted nair
His pain-chang'd eyes of ghastly flame,
As if a wintry tempest threw
Cold lightning on their freezing blue;
And these wild words he utter'd there:
"The crow doth croak. What croaketh he?
'Dead horse! dead horse!' Where may it be?

At Cadeby-Force it lies a corse,
And there a dead maid, near the horse.
The lean crow croak'd, 'At Cadeby-Force
I come to feed, dead horse, dead horse!
Oh, won't I feed at Cadeby-Force,
Where lies, with thee, the maiden's corse?
'Be mine, dead maid,' the starv'd crow pray'd,
'At Cadeby-Force, be mine, dead horse!'
'Nay,' saith the worm, 'be ours, dead maid!'
She shall—but not at Cadeby-Force."

15.

Brighter the maniac's eyes became;
Speech, mix'd with laughter, from him brake;
On Konig glar'd the eyes of flame;
And, thus, to Konig Adwick spake:
"Fish-eating Adwick, in the lake
Hath caught a curious lady-fish:
I caught it, Konig, for thy sake,
And thine shall be the fish.
Would'st see again thy lov'd one's face?
Then, must thou see my lady-fish:
Come! I will lead thee to the place
Where thou may'st see my fish."

16.

"Follow me, Lord!" he yell'd aloud;
And Konig, fearless, follow'd him,
Entering the forest's mazes dim,
In sadness bow'd.

They travers'd realms of verdant night,
And many a treeless isle of light,
Whose peaceful bliss the eyes of Love
Watch'd fondly through the blue above;
A wilderness of shaded flowers;
A wilderness of virgin-bowers;
Of beauty (calm, not passionless,)
And lonely song, a wilderness;
For on, on, far and long, they went
Through paths of green bewilderment,
Where oft the ouzle, perch'd on high,
Beneath his clouds, above his woods,
Pour'd his full notes in gushing floods,
Flattering the woodrill tunefully;
Then, listen'd to its still reply,
In all a bard's regality,
And seem'd sole lord of earth and sky.
Soul-meekening sadness sweetly crept
The region o'er—and Konig wept:
His sighs to echoes soft replied;
He knew not why—but still he sigh'd.
They reach'd, at last, the mount where stood
The Father of the boundless wood,
An oak, before whose vastness man,
Dwarf'd to a gnat's dimensions, shrunk.
Twelve full-siz'd men had fail'd to span,
With outstretch'd arms, his giant trunk.
One mighty limb, extended forth,

Might have a war-ship's frame supplied;
One shoulder, twisted to the north,
A thousand winters had defied;
(All eldest things had even told
The hoary ages, as they roll'd,
That he alone on earth was old;)
And still the knotted hands prepar'd
Their time-tried wrists and knuckles bar'd,
The storms of centuries to dare.
The tree was call'd the Wizard's chair;
And in his hollow trunk the gloom
Reveal'd an uncouth banquet-room:
Perchance, in after ages dined
In such a tree stout Robin Hood,
Amid the depths of Barnesdale Wood
Feasting his men on hart and hind.
"Here enter!" growl'd the maniac grim
And Konig enter'd—following him
Into the god-made forest-hall,
With the mute step of funeral.
Slowly undarken'd then the gloom.
They stood within a living tomb,
Before a form—a lifeless one—
Whose lifted head long hair had on;
Black, it descended like a veil,
Half hiding features fix'd and pale;
The light, if light it were, of eyes;
And the still shape of lifeless thighs.

Alone uncloth'd by that sad vest
Were two fair shoulders, one round breast,
Snow-sculptur'd legs, with small thin feet,
White as a winding sheet,
Or stainless ivory;
And fingers, taper'd slenderly,
Which—when the fond enamour'd breeze
Puls'd gently through surrounding trees—
Seem'd dallying with the long loose hair.
Erect, as if she stood in pray'r,
The beauteous Horror glimmer'd there!
"How dost thou like her?" whisper'd then
The seeming cruelest of men:
One groan replied! a low dull sound
Follow'd; and on the ground,
At Adwick's feet, lord Konig lay
Blackening, and senseless as the clay.

14.

"Dog! that fear'st bones!" said Adwick. "Thou
Shalt do the outcast's bidding now.
Who now shall say to Adwick, 'Stand
Apart from blessing! let no hand
Touch him or his! no living thing
Approach his withering?'
Soon, all shall know me. Heav'n is mine!
The priests are mine, their altars mine,
To work for good, not ill:

Their sov'reign shall be Telmarine,
And she shall do my will;
For earth and heav'n are mine.
Am I not God? Sweet Etheline
Shall be God's God! heav'n's queen and mine.
I am of Kings the King.
Deny'st thou this, mine enemy?
Ha!—shape abhorr'd! lord Konig's Lord!
Laugh'st thou in hell-black mockery?
Laugh—but the mercy of my might
Shall smite thy blackness into light;
Frown—Aye, with thunder bridge thine eyes,
Swell, if thou wilt, to mountain-size,
And with a look eclipse the skies!
But—Ah! again? What form, what face
Fold'st thou within thy vast embrace?
Oh, those dear locks! those lips of snow,
Those eyes of death, and cheeks of woe!
They freeze me into stone!
Yet triumph not, All-evil Thing!
The king of priests, and thou his king,
And all your instruments of ill,
Shall do my will,
And work for good alone."

17.

In envy, hatred, jealousy,
In sorrowing pride's intensity,
(Worst madness of worst misery,)

On fearful thoughts his spirit feasts ;
And he will seek the King of Priests,
Though doom'd to die, if he draw nigh
The hallow'd kernel of the wood,
His dwelling long ago ;
Where Mystery, fed on "weeping blood,"
Is restless as a wintry flood,
And cold as mountain-snow ;
Restless as fire ! yet still unchang'd ;
Or as the changeful, never chang'd,
Unalterable sky !

Book III.

O'er "Wharncliffe of the Demons" thou,
Dear Ellen, hast a wanderer been :
Thy second letter places now
Before my soul the beauteous scene.
But thou hast nam'd a name that brings
Back the deplor'd and hopeless past,
And o'er remember'd Wharncliffe flings
An angel's shadow, flitting fast.
Why did'st thou name that mournful name ?
Beautiful in its worth and woe,
Over my sadden'd heart it came,
Like funeral music, wailing low ;
Or like a deep cathedral toll,
At midnight swung o'er Witham's wave.

Proclaiming that a weary soul
Had cast his staff into the grave.
Oh, never more will Lycid see
That relic of the forest old
Which spread, "like an eternity,"
Its green night over plain and wold;
Grey Wharncliffe, and the oaks, that stand
Like spectres of their sires sublime;
Yet how unlike, though old and grand,
Those giants of the olden time!
Symbols of age-long funerals,
They frown'd o'er fear's suspended breath,
And pillar'd in their living halls
The deathless might of mental death.
Oh, Superstition! cruel, blind,
False, restless, fair, as ocean's foam,
How shall I paint, where shall I find,
Save in man's darkness, thy dark home?

1.

While to the she-wolf from afar
Her prowling mate replied,
And muffled moon, and riddled star,
Glimps'd on the dusk lake's mirror wide;
Asleep, and dreaming, Etheline
Rock'd on her bosom Telmarine,
At lonest Waterside.

Spirit of all that lives to die!
Relate her dream of agony.
She thought, a shape of darkness bow'd
Heav'n's concave, crushing in her breath,
As with the weight of cloud on cloud
To rock-like substance press'd;
And two pale arms snatch'd from her breast
Her nursling, while it slept.
She gasp'd, she wept;
But grief was deafen'd in her soul
By thunders, which then o'er her roll'd,
And would, she thought, for ever roll
Beneath the grave of death,
When suns in death were cold.
Then, did a realm of frost,
A cloud-hom'd desert without shore,
Receive her; and for ever lost,
With tears for light, her only light,
Stone-still, she stood before
Featureless Night.
No sound was there, no flutter'd wing,
No leaf, no form, no living thing,
No beating heart, but hers—no air;
But cold that pierc'd the soul was there,
And horror which no tongue can tell,
And silence insupportable:
'Twas depth unplumb'd, 'twas gloom untrod,
'Twas shuddering thought alone with God.

2.

Ev'n while she dream'd, in silence pass'd,
Moon-lighted gloomily,
A wanderer through the forest vast,
Unto the Throne of Mystery
Bearing a child,
That gaz'd around her in surprise,
Or innocently smil'd,
Looking on him, with Konig's eyes
Of deep, deep, darkest blue,
Almost to blackness deepen'd, yet
Blue as Carpathia's violet.
But soon in fear her arms she threw
Around his neck; for the dim light
Made darkness touchable to sight;
Nor darkness only. Through the dusk
Fierce shadows mov'd; from fierce eyes came
Quick sparks of living flame;
Hot pantings gather'd, thicker; then, a husk
Of sound was heard—nor bark, nor growl—
Which sometimes swell'd into a howl;
And still, to hunger's instinct true,
Nearer the dog of forests drew.
Nought fear'd the Wanderer of the Night,
Whose brow of gloom,
And ghastness in the shadow'd light,
Scarce seem'd of earth, or heav'n, or hell;

He, unconvinceable,
Could not have trembled, if, o'erhead,
The desolated heav'ns had fled,
While crash'd the trump of doom.
But, lo, a flash, a glare, a blaze,
Illum'd the wood with ghastly rays,
Suddenly!
And the gaunt prowlers, balk'd of prey,
Stopp'd, whin'd, crouch'd low, and skulk'd away.
The Wanderer sought a temple grand;
Behold! its portal was at hand,
The vast cathedral's forest-porch;
Through which stream'd light from many a torch,
Rays many-colour'd, piercing far
The chaster light of moon and star,
Beneath the wood-rill's canopy;
And, lo, at once, the eastern aisle,
In length, a gloom-foreshorten'd mile,
Reveal'd its groin'd immensity!
So, when, at midnight, thunders roll
O'er lone Roch Abbey's ruin'd fane,
The dead walls, in the lightning's blaze,
To God within the listening soul
Chaunt old Religion's hymn of praise;
Pillar and arch, in darkness hidden,
Start up to sight, like things forbidden;
And buried ages live again.
"Pretty!" the child, delighted, cried,

And clapp'd her hands ; for she espied
Five coming shapes, each bearing high
A staff-rais'd brand of red, blue, green,
Purple, and golden fire ; which cast,
As slowly they came nigh,
On living buttress vast,
And cloudy shapes between,
And arch sublime, and tracery
Not wrought by man, commingled hues—
Lovely as emerald ocean's foam
Beneath an April sky ;
Disclosing lone side avenues,
And domes which seem'd to come and go,
Dome after dome, dome after dome,
While shaft by shaft advanc'd, withdrew
Like giants countermarching slow.
Grim were the four—coal-black their vests,
Their helms, and crests—
Who bore the red, green, yellow, blue
Torches ; but rob'd in purest white,
A female form of stateliest height,
And fair to view
As love and truth,
Was she who bore the purple light :
Her locks of snow,
In amplest flow
Descending to her feet,
Cover'd her, like a sheet ;

And in her stedfast eye
And sculptur'd look, eternity
Seem'd wedded to immortal youth.
Sudden, she stopp'd. Around her clos'd
The sable four; their torches rais'd,
Each touching hers, united blaz'd,
And, lo, the cluster'd five compos'd
A many-colour'd flower of flame,
Beautiful, beautiful,
As that bright rose which dark maids cull
Where himalayan summits tower
O'er fiery plain, and fiery flower!
Then, from unnumber'd voices came,
Wailing the forest-depths among,
Unearthly notes of chaunted song,
Wild, mournful, grand; as shipwreck's cry,
Heard through the groan of sea and sky,
Convuls'd in boundless agony;
And like a yell of mockery,
Forestalling worth's reward of pain,
With the laugh'd lie
That virtue toils in vain.
Thus, sang, unseen, deep shades among,
The singers of inhuman song:
"When did the wisdom of the wise
Expunge from life one human ill?
Ever the Seeker's victories
Leave his hard heart unconquer'd still:

Therefore the gods the wretch deride
Whose soul on truths forbidden feeds;
And crush the atheist in his pride,
(Cold, good-pretending deicide!)
Who turns life's fairy flowers to weeds.
Gods! curse him wet; Gods! curse him dry;
Where fin can swim, or foot repair!
In light and darkness, cold and heat!
Curse him wherever wing can fly!
Curse him wherever heart can beat!
And blast him with his granted pray'r!"

3.

The dread chaunt ceas'd, and over all,
Except the Wanderer and the child,
Strange awe, like death-bed fear, did fall,
Or sleep, that dreams of woe.
On came the Wanderer, unaffrighted;
And while the valiant child, delighted,
Listen'd, or clapp'd her hands and smil'd,
He stood before the Nun of Snow.

4.

"Fear not, thou Wanderer sad," she said,
"To follow whither I must lead:
The pray'r is pray'd, the rede is read;
And ever best the boldest speed.
Well hast thou done th' appointed deed:

Full well the chasten'd understand
That they are govern'd who command:
And long, oh, Wanderer sad, have we
Expected thee."

5.

"Fear?" he replied—and huger grew
His vastness, while on her he threw
A wondering glance; "Ye do my will,
And but my purpose here fulfil.
Proceed ye on your destin'd way,
Obeying Him, whom all obey."

6.

Then, westward turn'd the sable four;
The stately whiteness westward turn'd;
Them following, he the nursling bore;
And, rais'd aloft, the torches burn'd.
How strangely, pillars vast
On each hand pass'd!
How grandly, overhead,
Domes, following domes, behind them fled,
All in deep silence! Silence deep
Lay on the fretted roof, like sleep;
And there the moonlight lay, like death
It could not pierce the gloom beneath,
Where a broad orb, beheld afar,
Shone westward, like a crimson star,
And other light was none;

Save of the torches red, green, blue,
Purple, and golden. Round they threw
Their intermingled ghastness wild,
While laugh'd with joy th' undaunted child;
But when he reach'd, with soundless feet,
The Presence, and the Judgment-Seat,
Torches and bearers all were gone!
Then, paus'd the Wanderer. North and south,
He look'd on aisles of age-long growth,
Tree-pillar'd high, branch-arch'd, star-proof,
Cut short in darkness. Where he stood
Within the kernel of the wood,
The central vastness stretch'd out wide
Its space sublime and sanctified;
Of such a temple fitting choir;
Worthy of its eternal roof,
The bright, blue, moon'd, and starry sky,
That dom'd its dread tranquillity,
Commanding leaf and flower to grow
In sad and silvery light below;
For such a choir meet canopy.
Before him glar'd the globe of fire,
Scattering innocuous blaze and spark;
And all beneath was dark;
Save that the Wanderer might espy,
Beneath the globe of flame,
A pallid brow, a glittering eye,
That slowly went and came.

"Say," spake a voice of deepest tone,
"What man art thou—of men alone—
Who dar'st the shadow of the throne?"

7.

"Mine is the shadow, mine the throne,"
The Wanderer cried; "I therefore dare
The shadow of the throne;
For I am He who sits thereon,
In spirit, everywhere;
God! I am God! the all-adored!
The many-nam'd! the only Lord!
Incarnate oft' in human form;
Permitting fear to worship love,
On altar-stone, in hallow'd grove,
And proud to bless the meanest worm,
Though thron'd o'er earth, and sea, and sky;
My chariot Light; my torch-stand Night;
My sceptre Life; my falchion Pain;
With dateless Thought for my domain,
And Darkness for my canopy."

8.

Beneath the globe of restless flame,
Indignant features went and came;
The pale brow blacken'd; the fierce eye,
Gathering its thunder gloomily,
Flash'd curses. Then, a voice austere,
In accents mix'd of scorn and fear,
Said, "Well, Sir God! what would'st thou here?"

9.

The Wanderer answer'd, " I to thee
Consign the Maid of Destiny,
This sin-born child ; for 'tis my will,
That vice which blights, and crimes that kill,
And pain, of evil born, shall bring
Blessings to every living thing ;
And that all wrong, by love withstood,
Shall turn all evil into good."

10.

But woe-tried men have feelings fine ;
And loth was Adwick to resign
The nursling, at his journey's end ;
As loth was she to quit her friend.
Friend ? Ay, she knew his troubled brow ;
Had heard him oft, in dreams, complain ;
By stealth, had watch'd his sleep ; and now
She clung to him, and kiss'd his cheek.
Was he, then, lov'd ? Liv'd he, to find,
At last, that one of human kind
Lov'd the foredoom'd to crime and pain ?
Almost his sanity return'd ;
He wept, as if his heart would break ;
Wept, but his tears were hot—they burn'd
The brain from which they rush'd :
So, lightning, when rous'd ocean raves,
Harrows black midnight's clouds and waves,
Together crush'd.

Irresolute, and with smother'd sighs,
He held her up: she turn'd, and smil'd
A smile that thrill'd him through,
Looking on him with Konig's eyes
Of deep, deep, darkest blue,
Black almost, and yet throwing back
The crimson of the pansy's black.
But while he stood in dubious mood,
Two arms, stretch'd forth, receiv'd the child.
"Thus," said the voice of deepest tone,
"While men, on unfoundation'd thought,
Build roofless deeds, which come to nought,
The gods preserve their own:
The sought is found, the promis'd maid,
Ordain'd to save their cause betray'd;
A chieftain's daughter, sin-begot,
Brought by a traitor, trusted not."

11.

Ceas'd the fang'd voice. The murderous eye,
The globe of crimson fire, were gone;
And from the sky—how silvery,
How cold o'er all, how suddenly—
Moonlight and starlight, silent, shone!
The Wanderer wept—he was alone.
Not so? From choral voice and gong,
And trumpet, blown deep shades among,
Arose a storm of sound and song:

"The sought is found! and summons thee
To doom and darkness, Heresy!"
Brief, sudden, loud,
As thunder from a rainless cloud,
While shudder'd man and beast,
It rose, and ceas'd.
The Urus, in his reedy vale,
Heard it, and rear'd erect his tail;
Upstarted, in her form, the hare;
Upstood, with lifted paws, the bear;
His wide-branch'd head
The huge elk rais'd, and sobb'd in dread;
Disturb'd, the wild pig grunted,
The she-fox growl'd;
In chorus stern, the pack'd wolf howl'd;
Fast fled the prey he hunted:
So, fear wak'd fear; o'er plain and hill,
And rock, and tree,
Th' affrighted circle widen'd still;
Kinder and Deadedge heard the sound,
Their tempest-pastur'd mountains round
Trembling in sympathy;
While echo smother'd groan on groan
O'er cragg'd hag-ridden Edlington.

Book IV.

Ellen! "the dead are safe," I said;
Yet to the unreturning dead
I must again sad utterance give:
My pleasing task will then be done;
Soon, then, my mortal course be run;
And I, too, shall begin to live.
Who shall undo the past day's deed?
It labours for the coming hour;
And if I am but as a weed,
The weed, though dead, is still a power;
Ay, and of Goodness! of all powers
Greatest, the Life that cannot die,
The evergrowing Unity,
Whose death-matur'd and brightest flowers
Will not the tiny soul contemn
That bloom'd its best, and went to them!
The perfect joy, that once was grief,
Will see no sorrow in my leaf.
Freed worms, that blam'd a worm's excess,
Will pardon kindred littleness.
The left-on-earth will cease to blame
Mistaken words, or failing aim;
Nor scorn, perchance, from Shirecliff's side
To gaze, with me, o'er Hallam wide;

Or wander with a child of sin
By shadow-haunted Rivilin;
Or, lov'd of sunbeams! talk with one
Whose soul, by Rother, Sheaf, or Don
Still lingering, wreaths for truth will weave;
And all that spirits tell believe.

1.

Oh, hast thou seen the mountain snow
Which south winds softly overblow,
How fast it wastes, how swiftly hastes
To feed the rock-rill's lonely flow,
And swell a sea of tears below?
So wastes, so weeps lone Etheline,
For she hath lost her Telmarine.
In evil hour, an awful power
Hath stol'n lord Konig's child;
And never since that dismal hour
Hath she, the maiden-mother, smil'd.
Seldom she sleeps,
But always weeps;
And when she sleeps, she dreams
That Telmarine, with joyful screams,
Returns, to sport upon her breast,
And laugh her into rest:
Starting, she wakes! illusion flies;
And back come dire realities.
Then, to the silent gloom she sighs,

And asks the silent gloom in vain,
"When will my child come back again?"*

2.

In solitude, yet not alone,
She liv'd, with nought to do but weep:
Oh, better had she been a stone
O'er whose old age old mosses creep!
For emerald shadows with them dwell,
And lonely sunbeams love them well.
Ever, "My child! my child!" she said,
And loath'd her food, her hearth, her bed;
And could not bear to keep
Within her cot, by day or night;
But, like a cloud that cannot sleep,
Abroad, with darkness dwelt and light,
And with the dews that pitied her,
And with the winds that sooth'd her sadness;
A homed, yet homeless sufferer,
Watch'd by the sun, the moon, the grey
Of moonless night, and sunless day:
And watch'd by Adwick's madness.

* If in the commencement of this book, I have imitated one of the masterpieces of the age, the Mariana of Tennyson, (as at the close of the third, one of the finest passages in Scott,) I have done so, because I could not help it. I am aware that an original conception cannot be appropriated by any thief, however dexterous. "But many minds may gird their brows with beams. Though one did throw the fire."

3.

If chanc'd the warm autumnal skies
To lure the adder from its bed,
(Where the bog-myrtle's fruit turn'd red,
Or violets, blowing late, smell'd sweet,
And the bank slop'd, the morn to meet,)
Green, blaz'd its never-closing eyes;
"Still is she here!" the adder said,
And, like an eye-glance, vanished.

4.

To slumber lull'd by wailings faint,
Awak'd by moanings of complaint,
From his high seat, in sportive glee
Down looking on her misery,
The squirrel, morrow after morrow,
Heard speech that sigh'd.
The sun, at morn, still found her weeping;
The sun, at eve, beheld her weeping,
And bow'd his beamy head in sorrow;
And when, at night, the otter stole
From his root-roof'd and fishy hole
Beneath the moon-lit tree—
The sound that mingled with the beam
Reflected from the "watery gleam,"
Was speech that sigh'd.

5.

When stoop'd the bramble's arm'd rich stems
Beneath their darkening load of gems,
And "on its thorny tree" the sloe
Stole from the west a purply glow,
While bees and blooms revisited
The all-thorn'd gorse, she nothing said
But, "Cruel was that friend of mine
Who stole my pretty Telmarine."
But when the sloe was blackly mellow,
When the crab wore its flamy yellow,
When starken'd the dim heav'ns with cold,
And woods put on their crimson'd gold,
She sigh'd, "The year is darkening down,
The green locks of the crags turn brown,
Ripe bramble-berries cover them,
The fiend his club casts over them,
And winter comes, in hail and rain;
But Telmarine comes not again!"

6.

When rose the heron in the wind,
His legs outstretch'd his flight behind,
In search of warmer skies;
She gaz'd on him, with upturn'd eyes,
And said, "Oh, thou, the fleet, the wild!
Stay! tell me—Hast thou seen my child?"
When after him the eagle pass'd,
And over her his shadow cast,

She said, "Thou strong of eye and wing!
Far can'st thou fly, and widely see;
Oh, King-bird, seek her, find her, bring
My Telmarine to me!
Or I must die in misery."
Then, on the bird she strain'd her sight,
Till he became a speck in light,
And till, at last, he vanish'd quite;
And then she gaz'd on empty air,
Fearing to turn her eyes away,
As if her only hope was there,
There—in that depth of barren grey,
On which, with his last gasp of breath,
Man tries to fix his gaze in death.
Death!—face of stone, and soul of lath,
Yet the last friend that misery hath—
"A long sweet sleep awaiteth thee,"
Saith ghastly Death to Misery!
And he, in pity, on her smil'd;
For she must die! or find her child.
And soon nor squirrel, otter, snake,
Shall see her, from the wood or lake;
Nor hawk, nor heron, from the sky
Look on the maid, now fain to die.
Pale, paler, weaker, she became;
Chill tremors shook her failing frame;
And with slack knees, and swimming head,
She sank upon her sleepless bed,

Where her worn face, a child's in size,
Seem'd cold in woe, as polar skies,
And polar snow.
The fountain of her tears was dried;
She wept no more, but ever sigh'd;
Her heart broke not! 'twas petrified.

7.

Then, came o'er Adwick's frenzied min
A change, like colour to the blind.
Oh, deem not him a cruel man,
That victim of a ruthless ban,
And of compassionate sympathy,
Which suffers in his destiny,
And darkly, dreadly shares the fate
That made him desolate!
If thou would'st see the gentle sky
Reflected in the lake,
Bid the black tempest's agony
Its tortur'd waves forsake;
Then, shall the banks, the whispering trees
The cloud, the herd, the rock, the hill,
The foxglove, ay, the birds and bees,
Live in that mirror bright and still.
So, when warm tears gush'd from his brain,
And cool'd its burning hell of pain,
(Frenzy subsiding into sadness,
And saddest pity conqu'ring madness,)
He was himself again;

Like one who wakes from dreams of woe,
When blackest night is past—and, lo,
Morn glitters on a world of snow!
He saw his victim's mute despair!
To see her die he could not bear.
Himself he hated for the deed
That laid her, like a withering weed,
Before him—dying, helpless, pale;
And if man's courage can avail,
Oh, yet will he save Etheline!
He will bring back her Telmarine.
Yea, he hath sought the dread retreat,
Where none may tread with unbless'd feet.
Hark! Voices? Shouts? A fearful cry
Wakes the green night of Mystery:
"Oh, Sacrilege! a man defil'd
Hath from the hallow'd chamber borne
The consecrated child!"
And she, the Nun of Snow, hath sworn
That he, the thief, whoe'er he be,
Shall for his crime with life atone,
And suffer on the slaughter-stone
Pain's worst extremity.

8.

"The little hand of Telmarine
Presses thy bosom, Etheline!
The soft warm cheek of Telmarine
Rests on thy cold face, Etheline!

Konig's blue eyes, in Telmarine,
Smile on the softer blue of thine.
Is it not well?" said Adwick, sighing;
"Art thou not happy?" "Yes, and dying,
My Adwick!" pressing with her own
His hand, she said, in sweetest tone,
Her eyes on his o'erflowing eyes
Fix'd, "I am dying. Be not thou
(My Friend! my Love!) offended now,
That my soul yearns again to see
My Konig's face. If thou lov'st me,
Love Konig, too. And when I'm dead—
When number'd are my vanities;
When aching heart, and reeling head,
And throbbing pulse, are quieted,
Tell him I lov'd him! and"—she smil'd
On little Telmarine—"the child
I leave behind me. Bid him take
My child, and love it for my sake—
As I love it for his. In heart
A mother, tell him—I depart
In soul a bride;
In truth, a virgin; satisfied
To be, in soul, his bride."

9.

While, thus, she spoke, lord Konig pac'd
His castle and the lake between,

With cold hand on his hot brow plac'd,
And blood-shot eyeballs, in despair
Fix'd wildly on the Wizard's chair,
Far over wood and water seen.
Earth, and the clear heav'n overhead,
Were tranquil as the sinless dead;
They might have sooth'd and tranquilliz'd
A heart less torn and agoniz'd;
But the mute clouds, the stirless air,
The silent light, the lake at rest,
All, mock'd the tumult in his breast,
The tempest raging there;
When—as a smile lights silently
The lip of sleeping infancy—
Out of the still lake's crystal bright,
Out of the silent air and light,
Seeming to soul and sight
A portion of the air and light,
The form, the face of Telma came!
In all her living loveliness
She stood before him. Motionless,
(Save that her moving lips display'd
What seem'd the teeth's pure ivory,
Like white flowers trembling in the shade,)
She utter'd his dear name!
Death had not from her stature taken
Its graceful slightness:

Still seem'd to heave, in blissful whiteness,
Her bosom soft and warm:
Nor had the dewy rose forsaken
Her full lip's eloquent charm;
Nor on her cheek had morning faded;
Nor had the eyes, which black locks shaded;
Lost their black brightness.
Yet was there a solemnity,
A marble fixedness of eye,
In her dread beauty; in her look
A calmness—Oh, Thou Wizard's Chair,
And thy grim guest of bone and hair!
That calmness took
The fever-flush from Konig's cheek,
And paled it, as with fear;
It was the look that bids hearts break,
Hope shudder, and bereavement seek
No solace here.

10.

"Konig!" in speech that was not song,
Yet sweeter far, she said,
Or whispered,
"The hours of God seem long
To man's impatience, and to me;
For slowly, mercifully still,
Ev'n to the freed of death,

Himself and his unerring will
The All-wise discovereth.
We are not fitted yet to be
Where dwell the painless, where the pure
Live with the pure in purity.
Much must thou dare, and more endure,
Ere we can wed as spirits wed.
Yet did I err not when I said,
"In heav'n our marriage-feast is spread,
And well are they who love the dead;"
For none are happy but the true;
And, Konig, we have work to do.
Go, then, to lonest Waterside;
There kiss, thy chaste, thy virgin-bride;
Long hast thou been expected there,
And she hath yet a pang to bear;
For one, whom yet thou may'st not see,
(The Angel of Extremity,
Whose touch of ice, and look of steel,
All who draw breath are doom'd to feel,)
Bends there o'er Etheline, and weeps.
A precious gift for thee she keeps;
"Our child! oh, place her in thy bower,
And tend, for me, my living flower!
Ordain'd to win
For us an Eden, lost by sin,
She bends to Heav'n

Both me and thee.
Nay, kneel not—no! ask not of me
Forgiveness—Art thou not forgiv'n?
Strive not to clasp the impassive air;
But do thy mission! and prepare,
On earth, for heav'n. I'll meet thee there—
Where no harsh fates annul
Love's law of blissful trust;
And Beauty casts between
Her smile serene
And the All-Loving Beautiful,
No veil of dust."

11.

As light, when noon puts darkness on,
Gilds a wan rose, and disappears;
So Telma, smiling on his tears,
Turns from her Konig—and is gone.
He gasps, he bids the vision stay;
His heart hath years of thought to say.
What would'st thou clasp? and whom address
Here smiles no lov'd one's loveliness.
The stirless air, the lake at rest,
The light and silence on its breast,
The sleeping cloud, the sleeping tree,
The music of the busy bee,

The tremble of the lifted leaf;
And one vain mortal—bow'd with grief,
As if on his crush'd heart had come,
With all their weight of guilty fears,
The burden of a thousand years;
And on his cheek, and youthful bloom,
The stain of an eternal tear;
These only (and thy God!) are here.

12.

Lord Konig in his bark is gone,
Over the lake of Dar and Don,
To lonely Waterside,
Where everplayful Telmarine,
With looks that sweetly chide,
Wonders at silent Etheline!
"Why will not mother speak?"
She says, with saddening cheek,
And still-enquiring eyes,
To which no voice, no look replies!
While Adwick, watching near,
And scarcely seeming ought to hear,
Or feel, or know,
(Yet too, too conscious,) stands,
With cold, damp forehead, and clasp'd hands,
Gazing on hopeless woe,
That vainly loves! on speechless pain,
And dying truth—belov'd in vain!

13.

How like the beauteous awfulness
That moulders into clay,
And humbles man's hard-heartedness
With its sublime decay,
Upon her couch of death she lay!
Nor limb, nor feature stirr'd.
But when lord Konig's foot she heard,
Like one arising from the dead,
She started, she lean'd up in bed;
(Oh, Love is strong!) she rose to greet him;
(Oh, Love is strength!) she went to meet him;
She met him—met his dear embrace;
And in his bosom hid her face.

14.

They seated them upon a stone,
Wash'd by the rains of ages gone,
And bleach'd by every blast that blew;
With forests brown, and Konig's town,
And the lake's mirror, all in view;
(She leaning fondly on his knee,
He weeping o'er her tenderly;)
And talk'd to sleep each little leaf;
And talk'd the sun down to the west;
Nor saw him veil his head in grief,
And sadden into golden rest.

Death, all-shunn'd death, she knew, was nigh,
Yet felt as if she could not die.
But when, at length, the parting hour
Gloom'd dimly on the dying flower,
Then Konig trembled—and she smil'd!
Giving to him the willing child.
"Kiss me!" (she said, scarce audibly,
While, sick with parting's agony,
He felt as if they could not part,)
"Kiss me! and go. I die content.
Love our poor Adwick—he loves me:
Farewell!" He wept, as if his heart
Was made of tears—and went.
She watch'd them o'er the lake;
She saw him leap to land,
Place on the shore the child, and take
Its little offer'd hand;
Then, shuddering as she turn'd her head,
Sank at the feet of Adwick—dead.

15.

Sad, from the dell of Ravensly,
A wail of chaunting echo'd wide;
Harsh, in oak-waving Denaby,
A trumpet's brazen laugh replied;
And far o'er Watchly came the cry
That ever told when doom was nigh,

When cruel gods claim'd bloody rites,
And men prepar'd for ghastly sights.
But Adwick heard no trumpet blow,
No chaunt, no death-dirge, wailing low;
Mute as a stone, and tranc'd in woe,
He stood! and mov'd
Nor hand, nor foot, nor lock of hair;
But, like a statue of despair,
Gaz'd on the warm, yet lifeless snow,
That still was all he lov'd.
Lo! one by one, fierce men surround him!
By him unheard, unseen, they come,
All sable vested,
Sable helm'd, and sable crested;
They are the ministers of doom,
Whom follows slow
The Nun of Snow;
And they have seiz'd and bound him.

16.

Then, Adwick saw, approaching nigh,
A form of haughtiest dignity.
Never was grander presence seen,
Or loftier stature.
The demon in his nature
Wore a sublimely mournful mien;
And as he trod
The shrinking sod,

He seem'd not less than demigod.
Crisp, curl'd his locks of auburn hue
O'er features beautiful,
High brow, thin lips, arch'd nose;
A face of marble-like repose,
Whose coldness sham'd young June's white rose.
Yet on his front scowl'd rigor. Blue,
Watch'd his fix'd eyes—small, cavern'd, dull;
And cuplike ears, plac'd wide apart,
Before a knotted mass of skull,
Proclaim'd a tyrant's brain and heart;
Though his sad smile turn'd dim
The sun's glad calmness, as he set,
And Autumn's violet
Stole a sweet look of tears from him.

17.

"Infidel!" Slowly, thus, he spoke,
In tones that on the hearer broke
Like dying thunder. "It is well
That we are mighty. Infidel!
Or tortur'd human life, in vain,
Would petrify Love's tears with pain.
Live, then, to feel, in heart and brain,
Worst pain's intensity of pain,
Ere death dismiss thy atheist soul,
To tenant some vile toad or owl,
Or stinking fox, or filthier swine,
And find no beastlier shape than thine."

18.

"Bend not thy cruel brow on me,
Priest!" Adwick answer'd mournfully;
"I know thy power, and pity thee.
The feet that on long-suffering trod
Cannot crush out my trust in God;
Nor canst thou waste, or use in vain,
His fund of dreadful mercy, pain.
Me thou can'st rack, my blood canst spill;
But there 's a power thou canst not kill,
The will and power To Think and Know.
Sure is its march, however slow;
And it shall put to shame and flight
The darkness which to thee is light:
Torturing, and blackening, like a sky
Darken'd with arrows—Infamy,
Though she hath done your bidding well,
Shall find the truth invincible.
Nor will my disembodied soul
Live in the shape of toad or owl,
(Shapes, not despis'd by Power Divine,
Nor less august, perchance, than thine,)
But—with the spirit of that form
Which there invites the wasting worm—
Delight to number, as they fly,
The age-long hours of Deity;
Until, at last, Hate's altars fall,
And Loving-kindness conquer all."

19.

"With her? This impious wretch! So foul,
And yet so fair?" the King-Priest said;
And, not unmov'd, contemplated
The beauteous corpse. "Her wretched soul
Is now a crow's. Her carrion soon
Shall feed the wolf, beneath the moon
And winking stars." Scornful, he spoke,
Though pity in his heart awoke;
Then, self-reproach'd, threw back his head,
While blacken'd on his lip of bile
The fiend of his unwilling smile—
And kick'd, with cruel foot, the dead.

20.

Darkens in grief the snowy Nun;
Slow, down her cheek the large tears run:
Burn's Adwick's brow. His fetter'd hands
Smite the Priest-Monarch, where he stands.
He strives, with desperate strain,
To break his bonds. His dizzy brain
Flames. Down he drops. Half-rais'd, he sighs,
Falls back, and deeply sighs:
See! how the fetter'd Lion dies!
Yet his last looks, his closing eyes,
Seek the dear, outrag'd form, that lies
Beside him, marble-pale and still,
And angel-fair;

And Love's strong will,
With his last breath,
Stamps on his failing motion grace,
And beauty on his heart-worn face,
Even in death;
While gasp the sable-helm'd, and stare.
Oh, thou large heart, and ample chest!
Oh, Man contemn'd, revil'd, oppress'd!
(Yet not unlov'd, though rude thy form;
Nor all-contemn'd, nor all-unbless'd,
Though trampled, like a trampled worm;)
Join, in the realm that knows not pain,
Thy vainly lov'd, who lov'd in vain,
And there thy soul's high lineage prove;
Though conquer'd, not enslav'd;
Not lost! but sav'd
By All-Redeeming Love.

21.

"He hath escap'd," the King-Priest said.
Then, turn'd he to the lifeless maid.
Nor armlet she, nor anklet wore,
But on her veiny wrist
A clasp of amethyst,
And on her right third finger fair
A relic, which he valu'd more;
A ring of gold-and-silver twist,
And Homer's auburn-silver'd hair.

He took the ring, and from her wrist
The nun its clasp of amethyst,
The mighty spell, by which, men knew,
She could o'ercome, far off, the foe
Who but in thought might work her woe;
And then the darkness-clad withdrew
The long rich robe of tyrian hue
Which, folded round her beauteous waist,
And underdrawn, her hips embrac'd;
Leaving her naked, where she lay,
To be of worms and wolves the prey.
Thus sternly Highest Love decided,
That not by death divided,
But side by side, like groom and bride,
Should lie, at last, His sternly tried;
And, lo, the pair are not alone,
Though priest, and nun, and guard are gone!
Above them bends
A form that godlike man's transcends,
When godlike most; a face of pride,
More mournful than a fallen king's
Whose world-wide realms are miseries,
Whose empire, splendors fled!
And in his mien
Such majesty is seen,
That in heav'n's courts he might have borne
A demigod's regalities,
And on immortal shoulder's worn

Archangel's wings.
"These are but seeds of future weeds
Sown to replace our hated race,"
In thought, he sighs,
Contemplating the dead;
And to the skies
Raising his heav'n-reft eyes,
Adds, with serenely saddest brow,
"Will not the seed He soweth grow?"

END OF VOL. I.

Palmer and Clayton, Printers, Crane-court, Fleet-street.

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